

# THE DIAL

A SEMI-MONTHLY JOURNAL OF  
Literary Criticism, Discussion, and Information

EDITED BY  
FRANCIS F. BROWNE

Volume XLVI.  
No. 542.

CHICAGO, JAN. 16, 1909.

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NEW YORK

# THE DIAL

A Semi-Monthly Journal of Literary Criticism, Discussion, and Information.

THE DIAL (founded in 1880) is published on the 1st and 16th of each month. TERMS OF SUBSCRIPTION, \$2. a year in advance, postage prepaid in the United States, and Mexico; Foreign and Canadian postage 50 cents per year extra. REMITTANCES should be by check, or by express or postal order, payable to THE DIAL COMPANY. Unless otherwise ordered, subscriptions will begin with the current number. When no direct request to discontinue at expiration of subscription is received, it is assumed that a continuance of the subscription is desired. ADVERTISING RATES furnished on application. All communications should be addressed to

THE DIAL, Fine Arts Building, Chicago.

Entered as Second-Class Matter October 8, 1892, at the Post Office at Chicago, Illinois, under Act of March 3, 1879.

No. 542. JANUARY 16, 1909. Vol. XLVI.

## CONTENTS.

	PAGE
THE NEW REALISM . . . . .	35
CASUAL COMMENT . . . . .	37
Professor Rudolf Eucken. — The indisputable claims of Greek literature and art. — The excitement of reading an index. — The new journalism in China. — The making of many monographs. — The public library habit in olden times. — Mr. Spofford's successor at Washington. — The Berlin Royal Library's ampler quarters. — New York's "New Theatre." — The possibilities of the correspondence school. — Mrs. Ward in a new environment. — The literature of library economy.	
COMMUNICATIONS . . . . .	40
Esperanto and the Esperantists. E. Le Clercq. "Biographized" as a Dictionary Word. Titus M. Coan.	
FIFTY YEARS AN ACTRESS. Percy F. Bicknell.	41
THE UNITED STATES IN THE GAME OF WORLD POLITICS. Frederic Austin Ogg .	43
EARLY SPANISH ARTS AND CRAFTS. George Griffin Brownell . . . . .	45
THE YOUTH OF MIRABEAU. Henry E. Bourne.	48
RECENT AMERICAN POETRY. William Morton Payne . . . . .	48
The Poems of Edmund Clarence Stedman. — The Poems of Richard Watson Gilder. — The Poems and Sonnets of Louise Chandler Moulton. — Hughes's James Vila Blake as Poet. — Cheney's The Time of Roses. — Smith's Poems. — Herbert's First Poems. — Braithwaite's The House of Falling Leaves. — Gibson's The Wounded Eros. — Carruth's Each in His Own Tongue. — Middleton's Love Songs and Lyrics. — Dalliba's An Earth Poem. — Ives's Out-Door Music. — Poole's Mugen.	
BRIEFS ON NEW BOOKS . . . . .	52
Mr. Chesterton's confession of faith. — A new poetical rendering of the Æneid. — Factors in the creation of the American drama. — Essays on Elizabethan dramatists. — Current topics trenchantly treated. — An unconvincing theory of mind. — A plea for personality in education. — Studies of our national life and progress. — The story of our whaling industry in America.	
NOTES . . . . .	56
LIST OF NEW BOOKS . . . . .	57

## THE NEW REALISM.

Some twenty years ago, Mr. Howells said, in terms that invited much sarcastic comment, that "the art of fiction has, in fact, become a finer art than it was with Dickens and Thackeray. We could not suffer the confidential attitude of the latter, nor the mannerism of the former, any more than we could endure the prolixity of Richardson or the coarseness of Fielding." But it seems fair to urge that we *do* suffer the confidential attitude of, let us say, Mr. DeMorgan, and the mannerism of Sir George Meredith without feeling that we are going critically very far wrong. And we can without much difficulty fancy some critic a score of years hence wondering how it was that much popular fiction of the period about 1900 could have been taken for serious literature, in view of its lack-lustre manner, its photographic hardness of line, its preoccupation with trivialities, and its dulness of imagination. Our supposititious critic would be as wide of the truth, as unjust in his balancing of values, as was his actual prototype above cited, and both would appear, to a vision trained in observation of the ebb and flow of literary fashions, to have mistaken the accident for the substance, to have failed in discernment of the qualities which make literature vital and enduring.

The pressure of every age remoulds the stuff of life to its own liking, and invests it with the garb of what at the given time passes for reality. A clothes-philosophy is as needful for the understanding of literature as Carlyle showed it to be for the understanding of morals, but criticism does not often get far enough away from its object to see the trappings for what they are, or to distinguish true from sham reality. It is universal life that really matters, not the guise that life assumes in any particular age. As Mr. Woodberry says, "The secret of appreciation is to share the passion for life that literature itself exemplifies and contains: out of real experience, the best that one can have, to possess oneself of that imaginary experience which is the stuff of larger life and the place of the ideal expansion of the soul, the gateway to which is art in all forms and primarily literature; to avail oneself of that for pleasure and wisdom

and fulness of life." It is well, for most of us it is necessary even, that life should be constantly presented anew, since its familiar modes are those which are most likely to bring to our consciousness its more secret and intimate message. This principle concerns the historian, no less than the novelist or the poet. Signor Ferrero just now is giving a new reality to the annals of ancient Rome by relating them from the sociological angle of vision whence our present-day consciousness finds it most natural to view human affairs, whether past or present. He tells the same old story, but gives it fresh effectiveness by linking with it all sorts of familiar associations. So the imaginative writer will make his strongest appeal by keeping close to an idiom that is understood of the people, only he must not, upon peril of swift forgetfulness, lapse from the essential dignity of his mission, or forget that he is one of the long succession of torch-bearers that are lighting the path of humanity pressing toward its ultimate goal.

Mr. Henry Mills Alden has recently given us a whole book about what he calls "the new realism," "the new literature," and "the new psychological era," and he really seems to think that the thoughts of men, as expressed in their imaginative writings, have become so "widened with the process of the suns," so clarified by science and philosophy, that literature has at last come to its full stature. The works of Scott were mere literary gropings in comparison with the novels of "the greatest master of English fiction," Mr. Thomas Hardy, or even with the writings of the modern magazinist, whose firm and assured step makes the great men of the past seem stumblers by comparison. A new "Faerie Queene" would be unwelcome to-day, and a new "Republic" would fall upon dull ears. "We do not want another Dickens. We are willing to turn him over with that other old playwright, Shakespeare, to the tender mercies of Tolstoy." The modern magazine, that instrument which brings the writer "into intimate accord with the idiomatic expression of a general audience," has so refined our standards that the present age "may be said to be the only one which has the complete retrospect within the range of its clear vision and catholic appreciation." If we moderns, in comparison with our predecessors in literature, "do not loom up in so singular and striking eminences, we strike deeper and have a broader vision."

As these amazing dicta multiply in Mr.

Alden's pages, we grow more and more bewildered. One William Smith, an estimable contributor to "Blackwood's Magazine," was, we are told, the author of the "two greatest philosophical novels in the English language,"—but we defy all casual readers, and most students of English literature, to name them. The phrase, "from Sidney Smith to Charles Whibley," is at least a singular way of designating the line of "the great English essayists." And we never saw quite such a jumble of names—some fairly noteworthy and some absolutely insignificant—as Mr. Alden gives us upon a single page (179) by way of exemplifying "the new quality of imaginative writing." It would be unkind for us even to mention some of them in such a connection, and the best of them seem but shadows when compared with the names of the beacon lights of our literature. We can easily agree with the author when he says: "Mrs. Ward is probably not a greater genius than Fielding, any more than the intellect of Herbert Spencer was greater than that of Aristotle, or the creative power of Tennyson mightier than that of Æschylus." But what are we to make of the implied suggestion that the members of such strangely-assorted couples are for one moment to be thought of as occupying the same intellectual plane?

We have made some effort to find out just what are the qualities of "the new realism" that Mr. Alden claims to have discovered. As far as his elusive method admits of logical statement, such passages as the following offer the best available clues to his thought:

"We take the evil along with the good, making no problem of their reconciliation, since they are elements in a natural solution."

"Literature, rejecting the unreal, has become homely of feature, with home-like sympathies, graces, and charms, and at the same time more subtle and wonderful in its disclosure of the deep truths of life than it ever was in its detachment from life or in its reflection of a life which has not found its true centre in a spiritual harmony and was therefore itself untrue, wearing all sorts of illusive or monstrous disguises."

"The very content of the art, the kind of human phenomena emerging at the stage of psychological evolution which we have reached, is unprecedented. All the old signs fail us; the well-worn tokens have given place to an ever-fresh coinage. The creations of the human spirit are wholly its own, born of it, not made in conformity with any logical proposition or mental notion, and they bear no stamp of extraneous authority; whatever of divinity they may have is in their purely human genesis."

"Formerly the imagination dwelt in the house of Fame, exalting heroic or saintly deeds and personalities; now it is not busy with things that are memo-



orable or monumentally lasting; it dwells in the house of Life."

This is the best that we can do in the way of exposition. Probably these ideas are all implicit in the single phrase, "It is the mild season in literature," which evokes our hearty agreement, although we cannot interpret the saying in Mr. Alden's sense. It is certainly a mild kind of literature that is purveyed by the type of magazine with which the author has been associated for forty years, but all its graces and refinements cannot disguise its obvious lack of virility and penetrating vision.

To support his thesis respecting the new realism, Mr. Alden is forced to postulate a new human nature, and he does not balk at the necessity. Since 1870, he tells us, there has been "a new era of psychical evolution, involving something far deeper than an increased refinement in manners—a revolution in human thought and feeling, a changed attitude toward life and the world." Furthermore, "within the memory of men who have reached the age of fifty the human spirit has found its true centre of active development and of interpretation—its real modernity, which does not mean the depreciation of the past, but a deeper and truer appreciation, nor any break in the continuity of culture, which is rather led into fresher and more fertile fields of expansion." We fear that this disclaimer will not avail to offset that "depreciation of the past" which is implicit in the whole argument of the book. However the fashion of literary expression may change from age to age, the substance of thought remains about the same, and in the deeper sense we have no problems that the ancients did not ponder. The angle of our vision is shifted, but the object viewed remains fixed. Mr. Alden's effort to reveal in this twentieth century a new literature and a new human nature seems to us nothing more than an elaborate mystification. And, far from taking our current modes of expression to be praiseworthy, we think that they err in over-subtlety and preciosity. The London "Nation" recently said: "Irrationalism in various shapes is for the moment the dominant note in every department of life, and it is at least as powerful in philosophy as in sociology and in literature." As far as literature is concerned, we take this fact—since fact it seems to us—to be the direct outcome of our departure from the approved ways, of our feverish desire to find new things to say, and new ways of saying them.

#### CASUAL COMMENT.

PROFESSOR RUDOLF EUCKEN, the winning "dark horse" in the Nobel-prize race—though it should not be for a moment thought that he was voluntarily or consciously a competitor—is an interesting and attractive as well as highly gifted man. Prominent in German philosophic and speculative thought for the last third of a century, this Jena scholar and writer and teacher was little known to the outside world until about six years ago. An idealist in philosophy, and a Lutheran in religion, he repudiates the notion, entertained by his friend and neighbor, Professor Haeckel, of a mechanical and necessarian universe and a materialistic origin of spiritual forces. The two men are earnest and enthusiastic students of the same great problems; but how different the solutions they arrive at! "Nobody since Martineau," says one who knows Professor Eucken well and is thoroughly familiar with his writings, "has written more eloquently or thought more deeply concerning the reality of a super-sensual world, the inevitableness of a self-revelation of divine purpose to the human soul, the necessity of a spiritual rebirth through ethical endeavor, the freedom of man's moral personality, and its continuance beyond the limitations of space and time." His published works, which unite depth of thought, elevation of tone, and charm of style, are as yet little known to English readers; but his most famous book, "The Problem of Human Life as Viewed by the Great Thinkers," is even now in process of translation into our language, and will be published soon. It is not surprising to learn that miracles have no place in his universe of law and order, that divine attributes have never been granted exclusively to any one man, that there has never been a special creation of the world or a special revelation to any favored race. In personal appearance, to one who visited him at Jena, Professor Eucken appeared as "a square-built man, a little under the normal size, blond in type, betraying his sturdy Frisian descent from a stock said to resemble most among Germans the English race. Threescore years have silvered his hair and beard and furrowed his brow. Nothing could surpass the simplicity, genuineness, and heartiness of his greeting. One could well understand the saying of his pupils that Professor Eucken wins not only their admiration as a teacher, but their affection as a man." There is cause for congratulation in the better acquaintance with this man and his works that we are now in the way of making.

THE INDISPUTABLE CLAIMS OF GREEK LITERATURE AND ART have a valiant champion in Professor Mahaffy, who has come all the way from Dublin to remind us once more, in a course of Lowell Institute lectures, that if we choose to forget the glory that was Greece, and to make the "practical" the idol of our worship, we are likely

soon to be confronted with the paradox that the most practical of all are the things that are beautiful and useless. Some of the lecturer's reported utterances outside the lecture room are worth quoting. To him Greek is by no means a dead language. "To consider a language dead which is the medium of communication of a numerous people is sufficiently absurd on the face of things. Its living importance is too little considered in the teaching of it. The mistake has been that students are not made to hear the language. Its study ought to be supplemented by discourse in modern Greek." He even maintains that the pronunciation of modern Greek is fairly close to that of ancient. The doing away with compulsory Greek in the college course he deplors. "An idea gets abroad that Latin will do; but I notice that our finest type of scholar still takes Greek studies. As an examiner, I constantly have brought to my attention the difference between those who have and those who have not submitted to a drill in the classics. Those who come up for examination in French and German make mistakes which no classical scholar would ever make. The ushers who teach the modern languages are not so proficient; their services come at a cheaper rate, and a general relaxation of the standards of scholarship sets in." Surprising to relate, our Dublin visitor finds one of the strongest characteristics of American scholarship to be "its extreme laboriousness." He further says: "Professor Goodwin set the fashion with his Greek Grammar, and the rest have followed. . . . American scholars tend to be more minute even than the Germans, and if they have a failure it is just that, — the emphasis on the grammatical. In one respect, however, America ought to take the first rank, and that is in the finely systematized and organized libraries. I have noticed this wherever I have gone, especially at Harvard and Chicago." There is compliment in both the censure and the praise; but that we are yet conspicuously at fault in being unduly minute and painstaking in our scholarship, is open to question.

THE EXCITEMENT OF READING AN INDEX may not be the most thrilling in the world, but, given a sympathetic and imaginative reader, it is considerable. This is the season of the annual index — the way-finder to the past year's treasures of periodical literature. In his latest volume of essays Dr. Crothers expressed his preference for the dictionary if he were obliged to choose one book to relieve the tedium of solitary existence on a desert island. Far more stimulating, however, and infinitely richer in suggestion, would be a volume of Poole's Index. Opening the latest instalment of that indispensable work, we hit upon such attractive and curiously juxtaposed entries as the following: — "Revel of the Sacred Cats" and, immediately after, "Revelation, Divine, Need of Belief in"; "Determined Celibate" and, just before it, "Deterioration, National" and "ditto, Physical." The causal connection between determined celibacy and national as

well as physical deterioration — race suicide and all its horrors — is obvious. "Polly Stevens's Calf's Skin" vies in piquancy of appeal with three articles on Marco Polo that immediately follow. "Authorship and Artificiality" has fine possibilities; and so, too, it may be, to other eyes than ours, the page and a quarter of automobile headings may look irresistibly captivating. But the charm of the mysteriously suggestive is not confined to Poole. Take so apparently forbidding an index as that to the weekly "Financial Supplement" of the New York "Evening Post." In its twelve closely printed columns occur such richly potential titles as these: — "Hard Times, Meeting with Courage," "Hard Times, Enterprises which may be helped by," "Magnates, Illness of," "Optimists," "Chelsea Fire, Destruction of Capital seen in another Mood," "Chicago, one Industry there that is looking up." How comforting the assurance that while all other Chicago industries go about with eyes downcast, there is still one that bravely and hopefully looks up and not down, forward and not back, out and not in, and lends a hand! Who, we beg leave to inquire, can find this a dull world as long as there are indexes to read?

THE NEW JOURNALISM IN CHINA is one of the forces making for the enlightenment of that vast realm. More than two hundred newspapers have been started within the last few years, and active measures are taken to ensure their being not only published but read. In some of the provinces the viceroys provide public halls where the illiterate gather to hear the news read aloud. Hitherto the chief newspapers of China were conducted by foreigners and were mostly in the English language; and even now many native newspapers publish a column or more of matter in English. China ought to have a vigorous native press, for it is the home of what was, until a year ago, the oldest newspaper in the world — fifteen centuries or more old. It ceased publication because of its resentment at government interference with its claimed rights and privileges. It is expected that the modern newspaper will act as a powerful battering-ram on this Asiatic stronghold of ignorance and superstition and stupid conservatism. But the daily issue of a journal that uses type embracing eleven thousand different characters is an undertaking whose magnitude none but a compositor can appreciate.

THE MAKING OF MANY MONOGRAPHS on economic themes was strongly deprecated by Professor Patten of the University of Pennsylvania in his presidential address at the late annual meeting of the American Economic Association at Atlantic City. In his opinion, our libraries are congested with those ponderous volumes of transactions and proceedings, technical journals, and special studies, that accumulate so rapidly, take up so much room, are so little read — and, let it be added, are often such a source of bother and perplexity to the cataloguer. He

urges the economist to abandon the dry and technical treatment of his subject, to write for the newspapers and magazines, and to "arouse the imagination by striking phrases and vivid contrasts." Furthermore, spurning the pile of learned tomes bequeathed to us by the earlier economists, he does not hesitate to declare that "there is no renown worth having but that of the newspaper and the magazine and the class-room," and that "there can be no economic literature apart from general literature. We give the content to which others give the form. To separate ourselves from the general literary movements of the age is to deprive ourselves of influence, and literature of content." He exalts the editor, advises his hearers to desert the library for the sanctum, and speaks with no profound respect for the reputation based on books that no one reads. The economist should take his place on the firing line of civilization. "No fact is valuable to the economist unless it is also valuable to the journalist who summarizes events, the editor who comments on them, and the reformer who uses them." This manifestation, on Professor Patten's part, of a reaction from excessive specialization is a wholesome sign; and yet it is also a danger signal, for it may serve as encouragement to superficiality, dilettanteism, the courting of popular applause, and various other sorts of unscholarly conduct. His exhortation is for the Dryasdusts; let all others listen with mental reservations.

THE PUBLIC LIBRARY HABIT IN OLDEN TIMES was rather slow of acquirement, partly for the very sufficient reason that public libraries were few and far between, and also because, in this country at least, so many other things, of more urgent importance than keeping abreast of the literature of the day, were clamoring to be done. In the autumn of 1754, just after a shipment of books for the New York Society Library had arrived from London, there appeared in the New York "Mercury" this timely and stirring exhortation: "We hope that all who have a Taste for polite Literature, and an Eager Thirst after Knowledge and Wisdom, will now repair to those Fountains and Repositories from whence they can, by Study, be collected. And we heartily wish that the glorious Motives of acquiring that which alone distinguishes human Nature (we mean Science and Virtue joined to the noble Principles of being useful to Mankind and more especially to our dear Country) will be sufficient to excite the most Lethargie, to peruse the Volumes purchased for this End by Means of the Advice and Endeavours of Gentlemen whom we and future Generations will have reason, we hope, to praise and extoll: and whom we cannot help saying are an Honour to their Country: We finally wish that New York, now she has an opportunity, will show that she comes not short of the other Provinces in Men of excellent Genius, who by cultivating the Talents of Nature, will take off that Reflection cast on us by the neighboring Colonies of being an

ignorant People." "The History of the New York Society Library," with an introductory account of "The Library in Colonial New York" from 1698 to 1776, has been well written by Mr. Austin Baxter Keep, and printed for the Trustees by the De Vinne Press.

MR. SPOFFORD'S SUCCESSOR AT WASHINGTON as assistant librarian appears to be a man of mark. Mr. A. P. C. Griffin, former chief of the division of bibliography, is endowed in no small measure with some of those qualities of mind and memory that distinguished his predecessor. No one has been more in demand on the part of congressmen and others engaged in "getting up" subjects for oratorical or argumentative or literary presentation. We are told that so much has bibliography become the warp and woof of his being that his brain is now a better and more complete catalogue than any the library possesses. Without a moment's warning he is likely to be called upon for information on any conceivable subject; but he is said to be unfailing in his resources. No library in the world enjoys the services of one who takes greater pains to satisfy the public; and this unflagging zeal, and the quickness with which books or other material, or verbal information, are forthcoming at the applicant's request, are a constant source of surprise to foreigners. The British Museum, the National Library in Paris, and the great Berlin and Munich libraries are justly praised for the careful service they render to all admitted to their privileges; but it is conceded by those who have worked in libraries both here and abroad that our methods are simpler and better, and our librarians and assistants less bureaucratic than those of Europe. It is the quick intelligence, the ready sympathy, and the well-stored minds of men and women like Mr. Griffin that help to make the practical efficiency of our libraries unequalled.

THE BERLIN ROYAL LIBRARY'S AMPLER QUARTERS, into which it will soon move, if indeed the removal has not already been accomplished, will make possible, one may confidently hope, far better and prompter service than was rendered in the old building. Some of our readers may recall the tedious wait of twenty-four hours between application for and delivery of books under the old *régime*. No wonder German visitors to our great libraries are astonished at the quickness and informality with which the resources of those libraries are placed at the applicant's disposal. From the latest annual report of Dr. Adolph Harnack, general director of the great Berlin institution, it is interesting to learn that the library now has a million and a quarter volumes, that it employs forty-five librarians, fifty-seven assistants of both sexes, forty-five attendants, and so on, the whole force numbering more than one hundred and fifty. Last year there were lent 344,000 volumes in Berlin, and 36,000 elsewhere, while the average daily demand in the reading-room was 888. Sixteen persons are constantly engaged



in cataloguing, and the number of leaves added during the last twelve months to the catalogue — an ungainly, space-filling series of folio manuscript volumes — was about 6700, the number of titles about 18,000. The accessions, in new and old volumes, amounted to 57,000. The music department, now two years old, has received many gifts from music-publishers, and is already so important a part of the library that it furnishes employment to twenty persons.

NEW YORK'S "NEW THEATRE," the corner-stone of which was recently laid — although the building itself is outwardly nearly completed — gives promise of achievement long desired by friends of high-class drama. And the wealth that is behind the enterprise — wealth pledged to self-denial in the matter of pecuniary gain — inspires reasonable hope that at least monetary considerations will not bring to ignominious failure this latest and most considerable attempt to elevate the stage. The reported plans of the administration make agreeable reading, to say the least. Only the best plays, whether classic or modern, are to be presented; "stars" will not be encouraged to scintillate at the expense of the company as a whole, which company, it is hoped, will be virtually an "all-star" organization, so that the playwright will be enabled to bring his conceptions to the fullest development; a certain low annual rental the theatre will be expected to earn, but any income above expenses will go toward perfecting the work undertaken. The courting of custom is thus provided against (it is hoped), and also the necessity of earning a certain income will obviate the danger of altogether ignoring public opinion and succumbing to that complacent apathy which unfortunately characterizes some of the European subsidized play-houses. Further developments, with the opening of the New Theatre next November, will be watched with interest not unmingled with anxiety.

THE POSSIBILITIES OF THE CORRESPONDENCE SCHOOL seem not yet to have been half exhausted. Not only can everything in languages and literature, in art and science, in trades and professions, and in almost every conceivable human industry, be taught by correspondence; not only can one become a lawyer or a linguist, a painter or a plumber, a carpenter or (perhaps) a car-conductor, by subscribing to some inter-continental correspondence school; but one may also hope by the same means to learn the most effective method of courtship and, finally, to win a wife from the school's selected list of candidates for matrimony. Friendship, too, as well as love-making, is now taught by mail. In the advertising section of a London literary review occurs this item, most alluring to the friendless: — "TO SECURE FRIENDS AND FRIENDSHIPS join the CORRESPONDENCE CLUB, 10s. 6d." If the correspondence method proves equal to teaching virtues and inculcating abstractions, how widely beneficent will be its scope! Presently we may see classes started in the cultivation

of bravery and modesty, of altruism and self-denial, of truthfulness and charity and self-control. The lowering of letter-rates, now going on, will help not a little in this matter

MRS. WARD IN A NEW ENVIRONMENT excites one's curiosity. Will she, in her "Marriage à la Mode," which begins in the current number of "McClure's Magazine," succeed in avoiding those little betrayals of unfamiliarity with our ways and traditions that are all but inevitable in European pictures of American society? The story opens well, with a visit to Mt. Vernon on the part of the chief characters, and just about enough of reference to the historic interest and the natural beauties of the spot; but a conversation, on the way back to Washington, between the hero and heroine, on the subject of divorce as practised in this land of freedom, rather tends to wearisomeness and platitude. At any rate, it is not exactly novel to American readers. A passing reference to a lumber king of Illinois might (perhaps unjustifiably) suggest the query whether Mrs. Ward conceives of the Prairie State as still covered with primeval forest. What she will do for lack of English politics and English nobility to supply the necessary — shall we say *longueurs*? — we wait with considerable interest to discover.

THE LITERATURE OF LIBRARY ECONOMY, already considerable in volume, is still growing. Although one cannot learn from books, or even by taking a course in a correspondence university, how to manage a library with entire success, it is indispensable to acquire in some way a right theory as the guiding principle of one's daily practice. A serial work descriptive of the methods pursued by the Newark (N. J.) Public Library has been undertaken by Mr. John Cotton Dana, with the aid of his assistants in the Newark library. "Modern American Library Economy" is the title of the work, and the first section of the first part — treating of "The Registration Desk," the Part as a whole having to do with "The Delivery Department" — is now issued from the Elm Tree Press of Woodstock, Vermont. Illustrations and facsimiles help to make still clearer the lucid explanations and rules. Mr. Dana's is no new hand in this domain of authorship, and his book promises well.

## COMMUNICATIONS.

### ESPERANTO AND THE ESPERANTISTS.

(To the Editor of THE DIAL.)

The argument in your issue of the 16th of December, by an Esperantist, against reforms in Esperanto, is largely an attack against the person and motives of M. de Beaufront, one of the sponsors of the simplified Esperanto ("Ido"). These personal remarks I pass over without answer.

It then goes on to aver that Esperanto can no more be simplified than English could. What a modest



comparison! English exists primarily for those nations that speak it to-day, the Anglo-Saxons; hence English, as a national language, is a fact. Esperanto claims to exist for the whole world; and since the whole world is still very far from speaking Esperanto, Esperanto as a world-language is still a project. English is the natural tongue of a hundred and thirty millions of men, and has had an individual existence for fifteen centuries; Esperanto does not count a single man among its adepts who has learned it as his mother tongue, and it was published but little more than fifteen years ago.

The correspondent proceeds to name Ostwald of Leipsic, the famous chemist, as an approver of primitive Esperanto. With the same right Washington could be described as a partisan of King George III., ignoring all of his later Revolutionary career. The truth is that to Ostwald, to the philologist Jespersen of Copenhagen, to the philosopher Couturat of Paris, and to some other eminent men, the very reform is due; as they found the old Esperanto too full of erudities, cacophonies, and illogicalities, to admit of their endorsing it finally as an international auxiliary language.

The contributor, speaking as self-styled advocate of the "new generation" (whatever he may mean by that), pleads for the stability of an artificial language against the reform attempts of "a band of childish malecontents." This childish band (see the names above) has given to Esperanto the firm principles without which it would be, and was heretofore, resting on sand, and remained at the mercy of any competent critic. In its simplified and corrected form, Esperanto is no longer an arbitrary mixture of Romance, Teutonic, Slavonic, and Utopian (that is, freely invented) roots, but it obeys the law of maximum internationality. Instead of copying in a slavish way the capricious and inconsistent word-building methods of German, it now has a set of rules for forming derivatives according to the uniform dictates of logic. Instead of forcing on printing-offices an alphabet with half a dozen accented letters which are not met in any, even the least important, language in the world, it can now be printed with the ordinary Roman alphabet. Instead of emulating the Slavonic languages in sibilants, and an infantine wail in diphthongs, it is now as easily pronounceable and as euphonious as Italian. Instead of dragging along a system of inflections as severe as the dead languages, it has now been modernized by applying to it the simple common-sense grammar of English.

Primitive Esperanto was published about twenty years ago by a talented young man of no special philological knowledge and of no experience; what unbiased examiner can deny that the Parisian experts have rendered a service to the world by placing that layman's attempt on strong scientific foundations, and thus making it safe against the very changes from which the zealous correspondent professes to protect the coming generations?

E. LE CLERCQ.

Chicago, January 10, 1909.

#### "BIOGRAPHIZED" AS A DICTIONARY WORD.

(To the Editor of THE DIAL.)

In THE DIAL of January 1, page 9, I read: "Biographized (the word is not in the dictionary)." But it is, and has been since 1887, in the greatest of dictionaries — the Oxford: with examples from Southey (1800) and the "Spectator" (1868).

TITUS M. COAN.

New York, January 7, 1909.

### The New Books.

#### FIFTY YEARS AN ACTRESS.\*

Thoroughly wholesome, warmly human, unfailingly good-tempered, and finely characteristic are the "Recollections and Reflections" of that long-time stage favorite, Miss Ellen Terry, whose book, bearing the main title, "The Story of My Life," appears after various complications and misunderstandings that at one time threatened to cut short its serial issue before it had well begun. Reminiscences of the stage commonly have something of the glamour and fascination of the stage itself, and Miss Terry's rich store of professional memories, covering more than half a century, forms no exception to the rule; but her notes and comments on persons and scenes and events wholly extra-theatrical are also full of interest, though necessarily her chapters treat most largely of actors and actresses and her own dealings with them.

"A child of the stage" she calls herself, her father and mother having been players before her, and her own stage experience dating from 1856, when she was but eight years old. Six out of nine brothers and sisters who grew old enough to feel the compelling influence of heredity and environment took to the stage; and three are still treading the boards. There were, by the way, eleven children in all — which makes one marvel that the mother ever found time or strength to assume any other part than that of *materfamilias*. The manifest aptitude of the eight-year-old Ellen for the stage, as well as her strength of character even as a child, is illustrated by her heroic behavior in a painful accident that occurred to her when she was playing Puck in "A Midsummer Night's Dream" — her second part on any stage. Coming up through a trap at the end of the last act to deliver the final speech, she had her foot caught by a too-speedy closing of the trap-door, and a toe was broken. Nevertheless, when she had been extricated, she stifled her screams and sobs and went through with her part, even as many an older player has been forced to forget personal agony and go on with the mimic scene. The child showed herself true mother of the woman — and she had her salary doubled for doing so.

Of certain malign influences to which all followers of the stage are more or less subject she thus writes in an early page:

\*THE STORY OF MY LIFE. Recollections and Reflections. By Ellen Terry. Illustrated. New York: The McClure Co.

"Another thing I thought cruel at this time was the scandal which was talked in the theater. A change for the better has taken place in this respect—at any rate, in conduct. People behave better now, and in our profession, carried on as it is in the public eye, behavior is everything. At the Haymarket there were simply no bounds to what was said in the greenroom. One night I remember gathering up my skirts (we were, I think, playing 'The Rivals' at the time), making a curtsy, as Mr. Chippendale, one of the best actors in old comedy I ever knew, had taught me, and sweeping out of the room with the famous line from another Sheridan play: 'Ladies and gentlemen, I leave my character behind me!' I know that this was very priggish of me, but I am quite as uncompromising in my hatred of scandal now as I was then. Quite recently I had a line to say in 'Captain Brassbound's Conversion,' which is a very helpful reply to any tale-bearing. 'As if any one ever knew the whole truth about anything!'"

Charles Reade, who was the means of closing Miss Terry's second *interregnum* and of recalling her to the stage a second time, after her second trial of married life and domestic happiness, plays a conspicuous part in her book. Coming upon her by chance as he was riding in Hertfordshire, where she had hidden herself from the world, he abruptly offered her the part of Philippa in "The Wandering Heir," at the New Queen's Theatre, of which he was the lessee. A laughing acceptance on what she thought he would consider impossible terms—she jokingly demanded forty pounds a week—speedily led to an actual engagement on those terms; and thus the theatre-going world was not deprived of its Miss Terry, before it well knew what it would have lost. She thus sums up her impressions of that many-sided man of genius:

"Dear, kind, unjust, generous, cautious, impulsive, passionate, gentle Charles Reade. Never have I known anyone who combined so many qualities, far asunder as the poles, in one single disposition. He was placid and turbulent, yet always majestic. He was inexplicable and entirely lovable—a stupid old dear, and as wise as Solomon! He seemed guileless, and yet had moments of suspicion and craftiness worthy of the wisdom of the serpent. One moment he would call me 'dearest child'; the next, with indignant emphasis, 'Madam!'"

Intimate memories of other and even more famous men than Charles Reade abound. Here is a pleasant glimpse of Tennyson, in that brief time when Miss Terry was known as "Nellie Watts":

"In the evening I went walking with Tennyson over the fields, and he would point out to me the differences in the flight of different birds, and tell me to watch their solid phalanxes turning against the sunset, the compact wedge suddenly narrowing sharply into a thin line. He taught me to recognize the barks of trees and to call wild flowers by their names. He picked me the first bit of pimpernel I ever noticed. Always I was quite at ease with him. He was so wonderfully simple."

With this picture of one poet, whom his young

friend had no difficulty in recognizing as a born poet, contrast the following rapid sketch of another:

"That Browning, with his carefully brushed hat, smart coat, and fine society manners, was a poet, always seemed to me far more incomprehensible than his poetry, which I think most people would have taken straightforwardly and read with a fair amount of ease, if certain enthusiasts had not founded societies for making his crooked places plain, and (to me) his plain places very crooked."

Miss Terry rejoices that, although similar attempts have been made in Shakespeare's case, they have failed. "Coroners' inquests by learned societies can't make Shakespeare a dead man." The boundless esteem in which Shakespeare is held by the writer, and her thorough familiarity with his plays, show themselves repeatedly in quotation and allusion throughout the book. Miss Terry's quick recognition of living genius is again illustrated by the following paragraph:

"The most remarkable men I have known were, without doubt, Whistler and Oscar Wilde. This does not imply that I liked them better or admired them more than the others, but there was something about both of them more instantaneously individual and audacious than it is possible to describe."

A good third of the volume has to do with Miss Terry's connection with Henry Irving and with the plays produced at the Lyceum. Speaking of Irving's aloofness and reserve and his inability or unwillingness to form intimate friendships, the writer questions whether anyone ever "really knew him." She believes that he never wholly trusted his friends, and she finds a possible cause for this lifelong distrust in two experiences of his early days.

"From his childhood up, Henry was lonely. His chief companions in youth were the Bible and Shakespeare. He used to study 'Hamlet' in the Cornish fields, when he was sent out by his aunt, Mrs. Penberthy, to call in the cows. One day, when he was in one of the deep, narrow lanes common in that part of England, he looked up and saw the face of a sweet little lamb gazing at him from the top of the bank. . . . With some difficulty he scrambled up the bank, slipping often in the damp, red earth, threw his arms round the lamb's neck and kissed it. *The lamb bit him!* . . . He had another such set-back when he first went on the stage, and for some six weeks in Dublin was subjected every night to groans, hoots, hisses, and cat-calls from audiences who resented him because he had taken the place of a dismissed favorite. In such a situation an actor is not likely to take stock of reasons. . . . The bitterness of this Dublin episode was never quite forgotten. It colored Henry Irving's attitude towards the public."

These are trivial incidents, it is true, but significant as helping to a better understanding of a rather enigmatic character. Miss Terry's cordial admiration, esteem, and even love of her illustrious fellow-player, and the whole history

of her connection with the Lyceum Theatre and her noteworthy appearances on its stage, are too familiar to the general public to call for further reference here. Passing on to the chapter dealing with America, where Miss Terry made eight professional tours, we are tempted to quote her impressions of American women :

"Beautifully as the women dress, they talk very little about clothes. I was much struck by their culture — by the evidences that they had read far more and developed a more fastidious taste than most young Englishwomen. Yet it is all mixed up with extraordinary naïveté. The vivacity, the appearance, at least, of *reality*, the animation, the energy of American women delighted me. They are very sympathetic, too, in spite of a certain callousness which comes of regarding everything in life, even love, as 'lots of fun.' I did not think that they, or the men either, had much natural sense of beauty. They admire beauty in a curious way through their intellect. Nearly every American girl has a cast of the winged Victory in her room. She makes it a point of her *education* to admire it."

Miss Terry is, naturally enough, attached to the old ways and the old days and somewhat doubtful of the superiority of the new. Yet she wishes not to be thought a fanatical worshipper of the past. "Let me pray," she exclaims, "that I, representing the old school, may never look on the new school with the patronizing airs of 'Old Fitz' and Fanny Kemble. I wish that I could *see* the new school of acting in Shakespeare. Shakespeare must be kept up, or we shall become a third-rate nation!"

Again and again the writer laments her lack of experience with the pen. But, perhaps partly because of that lack, her chapters have a freshness and life about them that attract and hold the reader's attention. Shrewd reflections and bits of keen womanly insight sprinkle her pages most agreeably. Speaking of some of Charles Reade's early counsel to her, and her own present increased facility as an actress, she says: "I am able to think more swiftly on the stage now than at the time Charles Reade wrote to me, and I only wish I were young enough to take advantage of it. But youth thinks *slowly*, as a rule." And again, of eccentricity she writes: "There is all the difference in the world between departure from recognized rules by one who has learned to obey them, and neglect of them through want of training or want of skill or want of understanding. Before you can be eccentric you must know where the circle is."

The book has a great abundance of appropriate illustrations, especially portraits of Miss Terry and of Henry Irving in divers characters and at different periods of their lives.

PERCY F. BICKNELL.

#### THE UNITED STATES IN THE GAME OF WORLD POLITICS.\*

During the winter of 1906-7, the annual series of Harvard lectures provided at the Paris Sorbonne on the Hyde foundation was delivered by Professor Archibald Cary Coolidge, who, being a specialist in international history and politics, selected, very appropriately, as his subject "The United States as a World Power." Under this same title the lectures, liberally recast, have lately been put forth in book form. With the exception of Professor Latané's "America as a World Power," the volume constitutes the only attempt that has been made to present at length and in a scholarly fashion the part which the United States plays, and has played, in the great drama of world politics; and though Professor Coolidge's book is devoted predominantly to the decade since the Spanish-American War, it does undertake, as Professor Latané's does not, to bring before the reader the whole sweep of American foreign policy and diplomatic history since 1789.

What is a world power? And at what point in her history did the United States become a world power? These are inevitable questions, but difficult ones to answer. Twenty years ago, the expression "world power" was practically unknown. To-day it is a commonplace of political discussion, though admittedly conveying often no scientifically exact meaning. World powers, as Professor Coolidge conceives them for purposes of his treatise, are those "which are directly interested in all parts of the world, and whose voices must be listened to everywhere." Great Britain, France, Russia, Germany, and the United States belong unquestionably to the category; Japan probably does, or at any rate soon will; China, Austria, Italy, Brazil, the Argentine Republic may eventually possess such world-wide importance, but at present do not.

As to the point at which the United States became a world power, there is the widest possible diversity of opinion. Early in the year 1901 a foreign diplomat at Washington made the assertion that, although he had been in America but a short time, he had seen two different countries — the United States before the war with Spain, and the United States since that war. This was an epigrammatic way of stating the generally accepted fact that the war of 1898 was a turning-point in our national history. Whether the great change consisted in the pre-

\* THE UNITED STATES AS A WORLD POWER. By Archibald Cary Coolidge, Ph.D. New York: The Macmillan Co.



ipitate conversion of the United States into a world power depends pretty largely upon the meaning one attaches to the phrase "world power." One school of writers maintains that the United States has always been a world power. Another holds that it has never been such, and is not such to-day. And a third contends that the dignity, and the perils, of the rank came only with the Spanish War and the acquisition of our colonial dependencies.

Professor Coolidge evidently considers the United States as approximating very closely the status of a world power before the events of 1898, but as in any case clearly exhibiting that character since the epochal changes brought about by those events. The first five chapters of his book comprise a rapid but suggestive sketch of the fundamentals of American foreign relations as developed during the first century of our national career. Particularly noteworthy in a volume of this sort are the discussions of "Nationality and Immigration" and "Race Questions," for these topics constitute aspects of America's world relations which are seldom taken account of from the present point of view. The space allotted to them affords evidence of the fact that Professor Coolidge's book is concerned, not simply with diplomacy, but with the international relations of the United States in the broadest sense. Somewhat original, too, is the query which is raised in a chapter on the seemingly threadbare topic of the Monroe Doctrine, as to whether this phase of American foreign policy is to have any bearing upon the relations of the United States with the Orient. Upon the territorial limits of the Monroe Doctrine, Captain Mahan is quoted approvingly to the effect that "Europe construed by the Monroe Doctrine would include Africa with the Levant and India, but would not include Japan, China, nor the Pacific generally." This definition, though admittedly arbitrary and not necessarily final, is declared to represent fairly well the present geographical limits of the Doctrine in the American mind. Obviously, the Americans, in forbidding Asiatic interference in the western hemisphere, cannot fall back upon the argument of reciprocity which they apply to Europe.

The body of Professor Coolidge's volume falls into four principal parts, consisting successively of four chapters on the Spanish-American war and its effects, four on the recent relations of the United States with the world powers of Europe, three on the dealings of the United States with her American neighbors, and, finally,

three upon the relations of the United States with the Orient. The treatment of the vexed problems connected with the acquisition and government of our colonial dependencies appeals to the reader as eminently sane. Prepared, as the chapters originally were, for a foreign audience, they undertake first of all to recount accurately the history of the Spanish war and of the colonial acquisitions, and subsequently to set forth, in impartial though not colorless fashion, the controverted aspects of the Philippine question from 1898 to the present day. The conclusion is that it is yet "too early to sum up the results of American rule in the last eight years"; but for a clear and brief statement of the factors involved, one can hardly do better than read Professor Coolidge's narrative.

The most striking assertions of the claim of the United States to be a world power are those which have been made in the Far East; and probably most readers will agree that those portions of Professor Coolidge's volume which are concerned with American interests in the Orient are not alone the most timely but also the most carefully considered. Following an historical chapter on the United States in the Pacific, the author analyzes at length the relations of the nation, first with China and secondly with Japan. With both of these powers, relations are declared at present to exceed in intricacy and in difficulty, when not in actual importance, those with any power in Europe. And it is also asserted that the position of the United States on the Pacific offers it greater advantages, and imposes upon it graver responsibilities, in its dealings with China and Japan, than fall to the lot of any European power except Russia. With China the prospect of American relations is regarded as "clouded, though not disheartening," by reason chiefly of the inevitable American policy of Chinese exclusion and the friction which is more and more likely to spring from it. With Japan, the outlook is also distinctly less serene than formerly. Professor Coolidge, in speaking of American-Japanese relations, says:

"We may as well recognize that the two countries can never again be on quite the same terms that they were ten years ago. Their feelings toward one another may be of the most cordial kind, but both have changed too much for the old relation, which was almost that of benevolent teacher and eager pupil, to be possible in the future. The Americans are no longer the mildly interested spectators in the Far East that they once were, and Japan has outgrown the need of their tutelage. In the past they have applauded her successes, sometimes without stopping to consider whether these would in the end be to their advantage; and now they can



claim no grievance if her altered position gives her new interests and inspires her with new ambitions which are not invariably in accord with their own desires. America, who has grown to be the rival of so many older states, cannot complain when she in her turn is confronted by the rivalry of a younger one. The world is still large enough for many nations to compete without quarrelling; but when the aspirations of one conflict with those of another, it serves no good purpose to blink the truth. It is saner to accept the situation frankly, and to try to see what can reasonably be expected on both sides; for without such an understanding, a fair adjustment cannot be arrived at."

One may well wish that Professor Coolidge's international philosophy were certain of universal acceptance. It is at least comfortable to believe that the candor and logic with which he has written will not fail of effect wherever his volume shall be read. It is not often that a book is brought out simultaneously in three languages. "The United States as a World Power" has had that honor, appearing within a few weeks in English, French, and German editions. It is distinctly to be hoped that it will command the attention which the temper, perhaps more conspicuously than the scholarship, of the volume so abundantly deserves.

FREDERIC AUSTIN OGG.

#### EARLY SPANISH ARTS AND CRAFTS.\*

The publishers of "The World of Art Series" have done well to secure the author of "The Land of the Dons" to prepare for them a work on "The Arts and Crafts of Older Spain." Probably no man to-day, not a Spaniard, is equally familiar with that country. Long a resident of Madrid as correspondent of the London "Times," and now a corresponding member of the Royal Spanish Academy, the Royal Spanish Academy of History, and the Royal Spanish Academy of Fine Arts, Mr. Leonard Williams represents to this generation, as Richard Ford did to the last, the chief English authority upon Spanish life and customs. The present material could have been gathered only by one thoroughly conversant with the Spanish language and intimately acquainted with the libraries, public and private art collections, and the people themselves.

Considered mathematically, the three volumes contain 834 pages, 173 full-page plates, and 97 titles of books consulted. Volume for volume the first is the best. In it the author

discusses gold, silver, and jewel work, iron work, bronzes, and arms. Here he shows himself at home, giving us the interesting results of long study under most favorable advantages. In the second and third volumes, which treat of furniture, ivories, pottery, glass, and textile fabrics, he quotes largely from Spanish and French authorities, accompanying his translations however with a valuable running commentary. Surely a man may be excused for not showing the same degree of intimacy with all the crafts, from iron to lace; while inasmuch as almost nothing has been published until now in English upon Spanish craftsmanship, the attempt to spread over the whole ground should not be censured too severely.

Mr. Williams traces the history of each craft, and gives descriptions and photographs of its earliest and most important examples. Gold and silver objects, owing to their durability and the care given to their preservation, furnish some of the oldest specimens of the skill and taste of early craftsmen. Visigothic crowns still exist which date back to the seventh century. Many royal treasures of later ages, caskets, table ornaments, custodia, crosses, and altars have been guarded in private palaces or in those great storehouses the cathedrals. Often the delicacy of form or decoration proves the workmanship to be of greater value than the precious material. The names, dates, and specialties of the most celebrated craftsmen make an interesting catalogue, but the list dwindles with the expulsion of the Moors and the discovery of America. By the time that the gold and silver of the New World began to pour into Seville the whole country was in an impoverished state and had lost her best native craftsmen.

"Foreign artificers in consequence (particularly after the royal pragmatic of 1623 encouraging their immigration), attracted by the treasure fleets that anchored in the bay of Cadiz, came trooping into Spain and filled their pockets from the national purse, fashioning, in return for money which they husbanded and sent abroad, luxurious gold and silver objects that were merely destined to stagnate within her churches and cathedrals." A century later fortunes were everywhere spent in luxurious display, the very pies at banquets being washed with gold or silver. It is to this period that we owe some of the finest treasures preserved to-day. An inventory of the ducal house of Albuquerque is quoted, showing fourteen hundred dozen plates, with a corresponding number of gold and silver cups, bowls, trenchers, salt-

\*THE ARTS AND CRAFTS OF OLDER SPAIN. By LEONARD WILLIAMS. In three volumes. Illustrated. Chicago: A. C. McClurg & Co.

cellars, and spoons, also a mighty sideboard mounted by forty silver stairs. This love of lavish display, and the satisfaction of it made possible by the sudden great wealth from America, together with the Spanish tenacity in preserving what is old, make Spain a more profitable field of study than many a more progressive country.

In iron work the splendid *rejas* or grills are among the glories of Spain. Mr. Williams gives as much space as is possible in a work of this character to the subject, which really requires a book to itself. Unfortunately, views of but two of these fine screens are given, — those of Seville and Granada, the latter, enclosing the tombs of Ferdinand and Isabella, being a familiar picture to English readers.

The chapter on arms is an excellent one. Into it the author has put his best work, while at the same time he has a most fruitful subject. He says: "Lovers of the old-time crafts approach a fertile field in Spanish arms; for truly with this war-worn land the sword and spear, obstinately substituted for the plough, seem to have grown wellnigh into her regular implements of daily bread-winning; and from long before the age of written chronicle her soil was planted with innumerable weapons of her wrangling tribesmen." Lovers of the Poem of the Cid will be pleased with the picture of a beautiful *adarga* from the Royal Armory. Mr. Williams states that the supposed *Colada* preserved in the same collection really dates from the thirteenth century, and can therefore never have been the sword of the famous Campeador. The general reader will be somewhat surprised at the following information: "The Royal Armoury at Madrid is often thought by foreigners to contain a representative collection of the arms, offensive and defensive, used by the Spanish people through all their mediæval and post-mediæval history. This is not so. Although it is the choicest and the richest gallery in Europe, the Armería Real was formed almost entirely from the *cámaras de armas* or private armouries of Charles the Fifth and of his son, and is, as Mérida describes it, 'a splendid gallery of royal arms,' dating, with very few exceptions, from the sixteenth century."

The term furniture has been construed with sufficient liberality to include doors, doorways, choir-stalls, altar-screens, wood statues, and wood carving of all sorts. Perhaps the most typically Spanish article is the *arcón* or chest, of which seven classes are described. Respecting the Cid's coffer in the Cathedral at Burgos the author

leaves us our illusion, saying: "It is certain that the archives of the cathedral have been deposited in this chest for many centuries. Evidently, too, it dates from about the lifetime of the Cid, while the rings with which it is fitted show it to have been a kind of trunk intended to be carried on the backs of sumpter-mules or horses."

Throughout the book many side-lights are thrown upon the customs and daily life of older Spain by means of excerpts from chronicles, fueros, inventories, and municipal ordinances. The strict regulations governing the manufacture of various articles are quoted, and the disastrous legislation which resulted in the decrease of looms at Granada from fifteen thousand to six hundred is reviewed. The list of these sources and of the printed articles and books consulted forms one of the most important portions of the work. Indeed, this bibliography, together with the photographic plates, would alone have been well worth publishing. The plates are without exception excellent, being also refreshingly new and unfamiliar. They receive an added value by being labeled with the name of the collection in which the objects may be found, and together form a Spanish Musée de Cluny containing the gems of Spanish craftsmanship from the beginning.

GEORGE GRIFFIN BROWNELL.

#### THE YOUTH OF MIRABEAU.\*

It is rare that an American scholar ventures to undertake a work like Professor Fling's "Mirabeau and the French Revolution," for he realizes that an adequate examination of the material, much of which is still in the manuscript collections of public and private archives, implies a prolonged residence abroad or repeated journeys across the Atlantic. The law of necessity has, therefore, forced American historical writing to cultivate almost exclusively the field of American history, and has left the general reader dependent upon "importations" for the knowledge he is to gain of European history, save as this may be found in manuals and brief biographies. Professor Fling should be credited with the courage of his undertaking. It has been truly a work of "longue haleine," for he chose his subject twenty years ago, when he was a student in Leipsic. At that time neither the biography by Stern nor that by the Loménies,

\* MIRABEAU AND THE FRENCH REVOLUTION. By Fred MORTON Fling, Ph.D., Professor of European History in the University of Nebraska. In three volumes. Volume I, The Youth of Mirabeau. Illustrated. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons.

father and son, had appeared. The publication of these biographies has not lessened the importance of this contribution, for there does not yet exist in English an adequate treatment of Mirabeau's career. Professor Fling has entitled his work "Mirabeau and the French Revolution," because he intends to deal with the Revolution also, at least so far as it is involved in the life of its greatest statesman. The serious student of this period will find his discussion of the value of the manuscript material, and of the printed books, especially opportune and instructive. It is characteristic of the thoroughly workmanlike quality of the book.

The first of the three volumes covers Mirabeau's life up to his imprisonment at the Chateau d'If, September 20, 1774, by virtue of a *lettre de cachet* which that peculiar "Friend of Men," his father, had procured from the government. Mirabeau was twenty-five years old, and this was the fourth time a *lettre de cachet* had placed him under restraint. It is evident that he had already accumulated much perplexing material for historical investigators and psychological specialists, particularly for those acquainted with the phenomena of adolescence. Such a varied experience suggests that in the study of this period we may satisfy an eager curiosity to learn the foundations of that strange character so vividly illustrated in the first two years of the Revolution, — a great intellect, boundless initiative and force, acting apparently without those ordinary restraints which we call scruples. In order that we may have the whole case before us, Professor Fling has devoted careful consideration to the career of his father, "l'Ami des hommes," and to that of his uncle "the Bailli."

Several elements of Mirabeau's mature character had appeared, Professor Fling believes, long before the end of this first period. He quotes from a letter which Gilbert Elliott, once the schoolmate of Mirabeau in the establishment of the Abbé Choquard in Paris, wrote to his brother years later when Mirabeau was visiting him. "Mirabeau," says this letter, "although considerably ripened in abilities . . . is as overbearing in his conversation, as awkward in his graces, as ugly and misshapen in face and person, and withal as perfectly sufficient, as we remember him twenty years ago. I loved him then, however, and so did you. . . ." This refers to a time when Mirabeau was fifteen. Three or four years later, in the incidents which led to the imprisonment in the Ile de Ré, other peculiarities of the boy and man appeared. After

a love affair, with horrifying possibilities of a *mésalliance*, Mirabeau had deserted his regiment at Saintes and taken refuge in Paris, in order, from a secure retreat, to ward off by negotiation the effects of parental wrath. Incidentally he was moved to vilify the colonel of the regiment. According to his father, he opened against M. de Lambert a "pack of recriminating lies, almost convincing by the force of his eloquent effrontery." This marvellous gift of persuasive utterance, so little dependent upon truth for its effectiveness, had, said Lambert, won over to Mirabeau's view of the affair half the city of Saintes and the province; and Lambert added, he is "believed to have found in the city 20,000 livres that are no longer there." The mystery is where he got these qualities. Was it from the stormy race of which he came? Were they the consequences of the unsympathetic and pedantic attitude which his father took toward the boy almost from the first? Was it in part because at a critical time in his later childhood his mother was forced to withdraw from the unhappy home in order to make room for a mistress? Professor Fling suggests that each of these things may have had their influence, but he is unwilling to do more than indicate the probability, for the references in the letters of the father, the principal source of information for this early period, are not full enough or sufficiently clear to enable him to draw a complete portrait of this strange youth. He has given special care to the history of the father's attitude toward the son, tracing its phases with greater exactness than have previous biographers. Certainly no father ever spoke of a child with more brutal frankness. At ten the Marquis describes him as bearing "a striking resemblance to Punch, being all belly and back." Four years later, when he was out of humor with the boy, he wrote that he was "very much of a caterpillar," and added, "he will find difficulty in uncaterpillaring himself." But there was a time when he and his son were on good terms, the history of which Professor Fling gives in the chapter, "In the Confidence of his Father."

Throughout the volume, the author's attitude is that of the sympathetic historian. He is not an apologist; he neither attacks nor defends Mirabeau, he tries to explain him so far as this may be done historically. In one passage he refers to Mirabeau as a "notorious literary buccaneer"; but this is not said in severity, but as a simple statement of fact. The interest which his narrative arouses in the youthful



Mirabeau predisposes the reader to look forward to the appearance of the second volume, which will conduct the career to 1789, and to the third, which will complete its story.

HENRY E. BOURNE.

#### RECENT AMERICAN POETRY.\*

Before turning to the consideration of poetry that is recent in the literal sense, a few words should be said of three recent collections, which give us in definitive form and arrangement the complete work of three of our most honored American poets. First of all, and published within a year from the time of his taking-off, we have the new "Household" edition of Stedman. In this edition, which includes all of his verse which the author deemed worthy of preservation, we find the contents of the old "Household" edition (omitting a few juvenalia) and of the "Poems Now First Collected," besides seventeen other pieces (including "Mater Coronata") of later date, and two fragments from Theocritus. These fragments are all that the poet left in shape for publication of his long-contemplated version of the idyls of the three Sicilian poets. In accordance with his expressed desire, this new edition of Stedman adopts a classified arrangement, in which the order of composition is largely ignored. Besides the long poem, "The Blameless Prince," there are ten categories, "In War Time," "Poems of Manhattan," "Poems of New England," "Poems of Occasion," "Poems of Greece," "Poems of Nature," "The Carib Sea," "Songs and Ballads," "Various Poems," and "Shadow-Land." Mr. Stedman's work gains greatly in effectiveness by this re-arrangement, and no mistake has been made in adopting it. A brief and loving memoir gives the essentials of the poet's life, and makes clear both the noble fortitude which sus-

tained him amid the trials of his later years and the personal qualities that endeared him to all who had the privilege of his friendship. We will quote the closing paragraph, which tells us how the end came.

"Soon after the death of his wife Mr. Stedman moved back to New York. He took an apartment up-town and settled himself for the last time with his beloved books around him. Here, in spite of loss, ill-health, and increasing age, he enjoyed life as only life's inveterate lovers may, and at the end the gods were kind. There came three or four days and nights of unusual well-being and high spirits. The evening before he died some of his near relatives dined with him and his infectious boyish gayety was the life of the occasion. The next day, after a morning devoted as usual to literary work, he called up an old friend over the telephone and demanded that he dine with him, on the plea that his dinner was to be an unusually good one that night. The invitation was accepted, and he made gleeful preparation for an evening of the reminiscent talk that was his favorite form of entertainment. In the middle of the afternoon he fell without a word. 'Give me to die unwitting of the day,' he had sung: his prayer was granted, and for him who had fenced with death so long and with such gay courage the end came with one swift stroke."

Also included in the "Household" edition, and well deserving of admission to that choice company, we have the complete poetical works of Mr. Richard Watson Gilder. This volume contains no prefatory matter, but simply reprints, in the order of their original publication, the many small collections of refined and graceful verse that Mr. Gilder has been producing during the last thirty years and more. No less than seventeen copyright entries are included, the first of them dating from 1875, exactly a generation ago. It makes us realize for the first time how prolific a poet he has been, and also deepens our sense of the fine intrinsic quality of his work, both early and late.

The third poet whose work now comes to us in collected form is the late Mrs. Louise Chandler Moulton, and the pious task of bringing it together, and of providing it with the fitting prefatory words, has fallen to her friend, Mrs. Harriet Prescott Spofford, who bears a name equally honorable in the history of New England letters. The contents of Mrs. Moulton's three volumes of verse are here put between a single pair of covers, and a few additional poems round out the volume. Mrs. Spofford's memoir is the work of a devoted friend, and is written in the strain of eulogy, but so many other voices have borne witness both to the beauty of the poet's character and to the exquisite artistry of her lyrics and sonnets, that even friendship may hardly be said to exaggerate in this instance. Certain it is that no writer stands higher upon the roll of our woman poets than the gracious personality which this volume discloses.

The Rev. James Vila Blake professes his poetical faith in the following sonnet:

"I know not what my soul hates more and worse  
Than the pale brows of whimpering poets—they  
Who not e'en love but must go 'faint,' 'fall,' say  
'We sicken,' 'pine,' and 'die,' in weeping verse.  
O fine-voiced harmonies, must ye rehearse  
These feeble folk, who swim or swamp in whey  
Like meagre curds, more than than ghosts by day,

\* THE POEMS OF EDMUND CLARENCE STEDMAN. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Co.

THE POEMS OF RICHARD WATSON GILDER. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Co.

THE POEMS AND SONNETS OF LOUISE CHANDLER MOULTON. Boston: Little, Brown, & Co.

JAMES VILA BLAKE AS POET. By Amelia Hughes. Chicago: Thomas F. Halpin & Co.

THE TIME OF ROSES. By John Vance Cheney. Portland, Me.: Thomas B. Mosher.

POEMS. By Charles Sprague Smith. New York: A. Wessels Co.

FIRST POEMS. By Henry K. Herbert (H. H. Knibbs). Rochester: The Genesee Press.

THE HOUSE OF FALLING LEAVES, with Other Poems. By William Stanley Braithwaite. Boston: John W. Luce & Co.

THE WOUNDED EROS. Sonnets by Charles Gibson. Boston: The Author.

EACH IN HIS OWN TONGUE, and Other Poems. By William Herbert Carruth. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons.

LOVE SONGS AND LYRICS. By J. A. Middleton. Boston: John W. Luce & Co.

AN EARTH POEM, and Other Poems. By Gerda Dalliba. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons.

OUT-DOOR MUSIC. Songs of Birds, Trees, Flowers, The Road, Love, Religion. By Ella Gilbert Ives. Boston: The Arakelyan Press.

MUGEN. A Book of Verse. By Fanny Runnells Poole. Bridgeport, Conn.: The Niles Publishing Co.



Or evening send that caps of wind disperse?  
 What! must sweet words, fine vocables, and song,  
 That link all men and mark mankind, serve them  
 Who suck a jaundice from th' inveterate green?  
 Out wi' the pack! I love bards firm and strong:  
 My soul doth void the pulers—broods I'd hem  
 Like bats in rosy fogs, nor seeing nor seen."

It is clear that the writer of these lines is no "whimpering poet," but it seems also that his love for "bards firm and strong" sometimes gets the better of his natural sense of smooth diction and flowing melody. There may be compact thought, but there is no poetry, in such lines as these, suggested by an old circus ring:

"Where be your gibes now, thou chalked mock,  
 And thy heart-sick gags? Art gone of thine old staleness?  
 And all the melancholy players, over whose paleness  
 Were dabbled the lies of smiles and ruby stock  
 Of health? Yon old ring, like a ghost, doth knock  
 At my heart strangely, with vehement love, and the frailness  
 Of our mortal state stares from the painted haleness  
 On the tan where dizzy phantom-riders flock."

Miss Amelia Hughes, who has made the selection of Mr. Blake's poems now before us, calls the sonnet of which these lines are the octave "a flower of perfected genius." In fact, her introductory essay rather repels than invites our admiration for the poet, and her hope "that the sincerity of its intent may retrieve for him any gaucheries of an inhabile and unaided pen" is a brave one in the face of her strained and unconvincing argument. Mr. Blake's verse is also strained, but at the best it is worth while. As an example of what is the best, because the most unaffected, we may take the following sonnet:

"If I be questioned whether 't be the day  
 Doth follow night around the flowery world,  
 Or whether night, with sandals dewy pearled  
 Pursue the morn, that wooed will not delay,—  
 I answer thus: First tell me, which makes way,  
 My love to me, or I to her, when furled  
 The camping light's gold streamers be, and curled  
 With spiral vapors falleth twilight ray?  
 If 'tis my part to woo with will, hath erst  
 Her beauty not pursued me, will or no,  
 And natural the more as 'tis not willed?  
 Like day and night, a twain without a first,  
 True lovers know not either follows so,  
 Or either leads—whom both one love hath filled."

Mr. Blake's lyrical quality may be exemplified by stanzas from his "January Song," taken from "The Months," his latest production:

"And O, if I shall tell, my dear,  
 If I shall tell the time o' year  
 The time that giveth most o' cheer,  
 And most's our own  
 And most by love is known,  
 What shall it be?"

The answer to this question is the New Year season,

"For O, th' angelic snow, my dear,  
 Th' angelic snow, and ice how sheer,  
 The ice that tinkles frosty clear,  
 And frosty fills  
 With frosted light the sills  
 O' the opening year."

"And O, the troops of nuns, my dear,  
 The troops of nuns that white appear  
 There where the picket rows up-rear,  
 In rows where snow  
 The rows doth now o'er-blow,  
 And hood them here."

"And O, the evergreens, my dear,  
 The evergreens that mock and fleer,  
 That mock at storms, and shine in gear  
 Of shining ice,  
 That shining in a trice  
 Berobes them sheer."

Mr. Blake's verse is singularly conscientious and thoughtful; it is also strongly individual. It is comprised in five collections, printed between 1887 and 1907, from all of which "James Vila Blake as Poet," the little volume now before us, takes judicious toll. It seems to echo, at times, the accents of such old singers as Herbert and Vaughan, at others, the more modern notes of Emerson, Lanier, and Sir George Meredith.

Mr. John Vance Cheney's newest book of song, "In Time of Roses," gives us thirty-five (Shakespearean) sonnets, with a score of lyrics appended or interspersed. From work so exquisite it is difficult to select, and it is almost at random that we quote this sonnet with its song-commentary:

"The summer gone, and all the day's desire,  
 Thick in the field stand, ranked, the stately sheaves;  
 The woodland blazes with baptismal fire  
 Of Horeb's bush, an angel in its leaves.  
 Up through the dusk upon the sky I gaze,  
 Where flows the molten gold, while from it loom  
 The silver cloud-ships of the windless ways,  
 Among the lilac islands brushed with gloom.  
 These colors all are love and memory's own,  
 This near, appealing pomp the summer wore;  
 'Tis wafted back on all the winds that moan,  
 Heightened to brightness it had not before.  
 The glories of Love's morning, safe they are;  
 Evening shall burn them in her early star."

"The field wears more than glory of the year.  
 Pilgrims, unseen, walk here;  
 Mortals who crossed it long since, still they pass  
 Over the kind, remembering grass,—  
 All they once in its smile went by,  
 And, now, lapt in its pity lie."

"The moon wears more than glory of the sun.  
 By her is death undone;  
 Forever from the unforgetting skies  
 Downward she looks with all the eyes  
 Once lifted to her, yearning so,  
 In the sweet evenings long ago."

In this collection of verse, Mr. Cheney seems to us to have achieved a more even excellence, a closer approach to faultlessness, than in any earlier one, and his title to a high place among our lyrists is more clearly to be read than ever before.

Says Mr. Charles Sprague Smith,

"My muse, thou art a simple thing,"

and her service may be commended to many more pretentious versifiers. Mr. Smith's notes are nature-worship, patriotism in the good sense, social brotherhood, and religious aspiration. These stanzas open the longish poem called "Unity":

"By many paths man seeks for God,  
And can it be, in error's maze  
All wander save the few whose ways  
Are those our sainted fathers trod?"

"Lo, deep within its bosky glen,  
Bending in coy humility,  
The faintly flushed anemone  
Would fain, I ween, be hid again.

"The ruddy rose, the garden's pride,  
Unveils her beauty to the sun,  
Exulting in the life new won,  
Casting her chrysalis aside.

"The cereus in wondrous way,  
Uplifts her chalice pearly white,  
For, in the mystery of night,  
Wakens the force received by day.

"In varying forms, the life within,  
Bursting the bonds of winter's night,  
To leaf and flower transmutes the light,  
When the moist April days begin.

"So human souls will ever climb  
By separate paths the bristling peak,  
When yearning hearts with patience seek  
To find eternity in time."

Mr. Smith's pieces are simple, but they are not often marred by faulty expression, and his blank verse is particularly good.

Mr. Henry K. Herbert (or H. H. Knibbs), whose "First Poems" are printed in a small private edition, is, we are told, a stenographer in a railway office. That he has kept the freedom of the spirit, even amid such surroundings, is made evident by the highly imaginative and deeply felt contents of his little book of song. "The Wander-Lust" shall be our chief example:

"Thou soft, persuading, still insistent breeze,  
Hiding thy swelling breast within the sail  
That nods across the undulating seas,  
(Prow-kissing seas that lap the dripping rail),  
Thou bearest from unremembered idle isles,  
Within whose harbors alien anchors rust,  
Sweet singing dreams that sleep beneath thy smiles  
And break,—to wake the slumbering Wander-lust.

"The inward tears, the unavailing word,  
The uplifted tender mouth's unspoken prayer.  
Are things to me unseen, unfelt, unheard,  
When the wild Wander-lust, with siren-rare  
Enchantment, sings my soul to pathless ways  
O'er fields where Hunger, Grief, and Terror ride,  
Face with my pace,—gaunt wolves of questing days,—  
Must I, with these, explore the Other Side?"

"What shall I gain when I at last have found  
The secret garden hid behind the hill?  
An unremembered grave in quiet ground,  
Or trail defined that lures to wander still,  
Till Time's essential ministries shall change  
This atom to diviner flower-dust  
That on the breath of God shall ever range  
His Seas, in soul-immortal Wander-lust?"

If only this moving poem were not marred by the impossible rhyme at its close! Here is a pretty little thing that seems worth quoting:

"I am a miller of tranquil mind,  
Content, as my little grist I grind.  
The simple folk in our valley know  
That my meal is pure though my wheel is slow.

God's clouds loosed the water that turns my wheel,  
His sun grew the maize that I turn to meal.  
Though the toll comes scant to my measure's brim,  
I am well content, for I grind for Him."

There is a whole philosophy of life in this happy expression of a simple thought.

Mr. William Stanley Braithwaite, in "The House of Falling Leaves," shows himself to be a sonneteer of thoughtful dignity and an effective poet of occasions. His ode for the Whittier centenary is strong and sympathetic, as may be seen from its third and fifth stanzas, here reproduced:

"In the rough farmhouse of his lowly birth  
The spirit of poetry fired his youthful years;  
No palace was more radiant on earth,  
Than the rude home where simple joys and tears  
Filled the boy's soul with the human chronicle  
Of lives that touched the soil.

He heard about him voices—and he fell  
To dreams, of the dim past, 'midst his daily toil;  
Romance and legend claimed his Muse's voice  
Till the heroic choice

Of duty led him to the battle's broil.

"He helped to seal the doom. His hope was peace  
With the great end attained. Beyond his will  
Fate shaped his aims to awful destinies  
Of vengeful justice;—now valley and hill  
Groaned with the roar of onset; near and far  
The terrible, sad cries  
Of slaughtered men pierced into sun and star;  
Beyond his will the violence—but the prize  
Of Freedom, blood had purchased, won to God  
His praise that all men trod  
Erect, and clothed in Freedom, 'neath the skies."

Mr. Braithwaite, besides giving us his own volume of verse, appears also as sponsor for a sonnet sequence, "The Wounded Eros," by Mr. Charles Gibson, and writes for the book an elaborate introductory essay. Mr. Gibson's sonnets number one hundred and thirty, and this is one of them:

"How sweet to me are these soft days of spring;  
But how much sweeter, did thy beauty bear,  
Like cherry blossoms o'er the flowering air,  
Its scented fragrance to me; and did bring  
Some songs of love, like birds upon the wing,  
To tell me that my love, with thine, might share  
These lovers' hours, that in the spring appear,  
And o'er the earth their efflorescence fling.  
Ah, Love! thy winter's waiting hath well-nigh  
This heart of mine, for love of thee, so broken,  
That it hath scarce the power to beat to-day.  
'T were time, indeed, to compensate my sigh  
At last with Love's unutterable token,  
That shall not with the seasons fade away."

From this, and the other sonnets, we gather that the poet's love is scorned; else it would not be free to languish through one hundred and thirty sonnets. We are informed that the book tells "the story of an oblation full of inexplicable shadows," which seems to be a fairly accurate description. There is little subtlety in the imagery, and the poet's sentiment is of the obvious kind, sicklied o'er with the pale cast of thought rather than glowing with passion.

"Each in his Own Tongue" is a poem that was printed in a magazine many years ago, and has been widely copied since then, although not always with

the acknowledgment due its author. It was written by Professor William Herbert Carruth in a happy hour of inspiration, and bids fair to keep his name in the anthologies for a long time to come. He may, in fact, come to share the distinction of Joseph Blanco White, whose memory a single sonnet has kept alive. For the present, however, we must think of Mr. Carruth as more than a man of a single poem, for he has just given us a collection of some fourscore pieces, many of which approach in seriousness of thought and felicity of expression the one widely-known example which provides his book with its title. Rather than quote the familiar lines we will reproduce the stanzas called "Dreamers of Dreams":

- "We are all of us dreamers of dreams;  
On visions our childhood is fed;  
And the heart of the child is unhaunted, it seems,  
By the ghosts of dreams that are dead.
- "From childhood to youth's but a span,  
And the years of our youth are soon sped;  
Yet the youth is no longer a youth, but a man,  
When the first of his dreams is dead.
- "There's no sadder sight this side the grave  
Than the shroud o'er a fond dream spread,  
And the heart should be stern and the eyes be brave  
To gaze on a dream that is dead.
- "'Tis as a cup of wormwood and gall  
When the doom of a great dream is said,  
And the best of a man is under the pall  
When the best of his dreams is dead.
- "He may live on by compact and plan  
When the fine bloom of living is shed,  
But God pity the little that's left of a man  
When the last of his dreams is dead.
- "Let him show a brave face if he can,  
Let him woo fame or fortune instead,  
Yet there's not much to do but bury a man  
When the last of his dreams is dead."

One other example of Mr. Carruth's simple and sincere workmanship may be given:

- "A carpet all of faded brown,  
On the gray bough a dove that grieves;  
Death seemeth here to have his own,  
But the spring violets nestle down  
Under the leaves.
- "A brow austere and sad gray eyes,  
Locks in which Care her silver weaves;  
Hope seemeth tombed no more to rise,  
But God he knoweth on what wise  
Love for Love's sunshine waiting lies  
Under the leaves."

A fine sense of the essential realities pervades Mr. Carruth's verse. He is an academic poet, but one whose sensibilities the academic environment has not deadened.

Mr. J. A. Middleton's "Love Songs and Lyrics" are pretty trifles which may be illustrated by "The Lost Serenade":

- "I sang a song. Alas, the nightingale  
A-down the vale  
Sang too; and as I told my passion's pain  
He murmured his, and hushed my humble strain.

- "I blew a kiss, on wings of love to rise  
Unto her eyes;  
Alas, the wanton breeze before had pressed  
A dozen kisses on her snowy breast.
- "I took a rose — but, ah! her favorite tree  
Outwitted me;  
For, kneeling like a saint before a shrine,  
He offered handfuls, lovelier far than mine."

There are only a scant score of these songs; the rest of the little book is devoted to an incident in dramatic form, "Red Sefchen," which readers of Heine will not need to have explained. This is the poet's declaration upon the occasion of the lovers' last clandestine meeting:

- "As dusk to Nightingale, as sun to flower,  
As star to some benighted wanderer,  
As cool palm-island in a sea of sand,  
As light to ardent seeker after Truth  
Grappling with Doubt and Error till the full  
Fierce fire of Trial hath refined his faith  
And made it tenfold purer than before:  
As celandine unto the lovesick bee  
That draws, with thrills of exquisite delight,  
The honey-heart it covets. As the pulse  
To life — so thou to me. Our spirits twine,  
And in one tender growth of mutual love  
Spring upward, bearing fruit of perfect bliss,  
Which shall endure when life itself shall pass."

The consummation of this tragedy in miniature comes swiftly. Feeling herself disgraced by her father's unhallowed calling, Sefchen, after the poet has left her, slays herself with the executioner's sword.

Miss Gerda Dalliba (if that is a real name) is the author of "An Earth Poem, and Other Poems." The intent of "An Earth Poem" is, in the author's words, "to express in words Man's needs, capabilities, and progress, accepting as a premise that, generally speaking, his course has been one tending from the mere materialism of Nature to a more refined and spiritual outlook, as is the case with an individual turning from childhood's idealistic pantheism through the material of fact and divergent emotions towards the necessity of a formulated Deism, or the slow progression of the Mass by the care of civilization and cultivation to a penetrating view of essential needs." It takes a long breath to get through this descriptive sentence, and many of them to get through the dithyrambic outpouring of the poem itself. We are more than ever inclined to think with Poe that the expression "long poem" involves a contradiction of terms. It is an amorphous composition, in which nuggets of poetic diction may be found imbedded. Here is one of them:

- "If I go on, O soul, what will betide?  
Shall I grow weary of the weight of light?  
I, who before was novice to the Sun,  
Shall Paradise to me seem dark with prayer  
And ecstasy the dust upon the streets  
Where the man angel, joins the hallowed saint —  
And prophet, the diviner angel meets —  
Where sin, like a pale woman nun, grows faint  
With too divine a beauty, born from tears?  
Or on the long night's darkness, long and wide  
Become an essence which is spiritualized?"

These questionings leave us baffled. Miss Dalliba's other poems are sonnets and miscellaneous pieces in about equal measure. Mr. Edwin Markham introduces the collection with a few ingratiating words finding "a rift of genius in this ledge of song." But we must call the book the work of a nature at present utterly unregulated, from both the intellectual and the artistic points of view.

The "Out-Door Music" of Miss Ella Gilbert Ives is classified under six categories — Birds, Trees, Flowers, The Road, Love, and Religion. "An April Birch" becomes the occasion of this pretty simile:

"The breath of God is in the breeze  
And touches all the quivering trees.  
But one, in maiden mood apart,  
To hold communion with her heart,  
In awe-struck beauty now receives  
The heavenly tidings in her leaves:  
Resistless as the golden shower  
That entered Danaë's brazen tower,  
God's sunbeams on her whiteness fall  
And life leaps up to meet his call."

And here is "The Cardinal Flower," no less charming:

"In dim and cloistered nook,  
Where slips a quiet brook,  
A stolid priest intones —  
To liquid sighs and moans —  
A penitential psalm.  
  
"The pallid sunrays glide  
Across his vestments, dyed  
In Golgotha's deep hue,  
And damp with chrism-dew  
From Calvary's nailed palm."

These songs have simplicity and grace, qualities often denied to strains of more pretentious flight.

"Mugen" is the title of a book of verse by Mrs. Fanny Runnells Poole, and the word, we are told, is Japanese, meaning "in dream and reality." That Mrs. Poole can write tunelessly may be evidenced by the subjoined stanza:

"O the heart, the heart hath seasons,  
The heart, memorial flowers,  
And memory wells like vesper bells  
To thrill the dreaming hours!  
The fancies we have cherished,  
The affections' myriad springs,  
Reach out betimes in rippling rhymes  
To hearts who love such things."

Several of her pieces are translations, among these being versions of five of Heredia's sonnets, done with sympathy and intelligence.

WILLIAM MORTON PAYNE.

THE announcement that the Nobel prize in literature has gone to Professor Rudolf Eucken has stimulated interest in an author who has hitherto been little known outside of academic circles. One of his English disciples, Mr. W. R. Boyce Gibson, has written a study entitled "Rudolf Eucken's Philosophy of Life," which has been published in America by The Macmillan Co.

#### BRIEFS ON NEW BOOKS.

Mr. Chesterton's  
confession  
of faith.

Mr. Chesterton's reasons for accepting orthodox Christianity are, as a matter of course, thoroughly characteristic. They are rather brilliantly set forth in his little book named "Orthodoxy" (John Lane Co.), which is intended to be a companion volume to "Heretics" — affirmative and constructive where that was negative and critical. The reason for the faith that is in him Mr. Chesterton might briefly have declared to be this, — *credo quia impossibile*. "All other philosophies," he tells us, "say the things that plainly seem to be true; only this philosophy has again and again said the thing that does not seem to be true, but is true." And again: it is convincing and irresistible for the reason "not merely that it deduces logical truths, but that when it suddenly becomes illogical, it has found out, so to speak, an illogical truth. It not only goes right about things, but it goes wrong (if one may say so) exactly where the things go wrong." The Christian's creed is paradoxical, hence it is incontrovertible. This, amply elaborated and illustrated, is the substance of the book, and is exactly what a careful reading of Mr. Chesterton's previous works might have led one to expect. To some the very unreason of the whole reasoning will be delightfully satisfying; to others it will be foolishness. Incidentally some sparks of truth are struck out in almost startling fashion; as, for instance, the essence of insanity is not its unreason, but its reason: it moves in a perfectly flawless and unbreakable circle (a vicious circle) of unanswerable reasons, and can only be reduced to sanity by introducing an illogical element. Incidentally, too, some refreshingly frank self-revelations are made. "Mere light sophistry," the author declares, "is the thing that I happen to despise most of all things, and it is perhaps a wholesome fact that this is the thing of which I am generally accused." And on his first page, in explaining how his book came to be written, he acknowledges himself to be "only too ready to write books upon the feeblest provocation." The volume is evidently written *currente calamo*, and with little attention to the best order and the most concise form of statement; but it is, on the whole, one of the best pieces of work Mr. Chesterton has given us.

A new poetical  
rendering of  
the Æneid.

Perhaps the best thing one can say of Mr. Theodore C. Williams's translation of the "Æneid," now published by the Houghton Mifflin Co., is that it tempts to a re-reading of the entire epic, no matter how familiar it be already. Wherever we have opened the volume, the smooth flow and graceful diction of its blank verse has beguiled us to linger, and to read a page where we had intended to read a passage only. The translator's justification of his work is interesting. He says: "My first experiments grew out of the exigencies of teaching. I thought it important that a class in Virgil should sometimes lay its Latin



by, smooth out its frowning forehead, and just 'hear Sordello's story told.' But all the rhymed versions seemed to have a touch of the comic; and the prose ones, of course, were in that mongrel, base-bred jargon of which a man would hardly care to own the paternity unless he were a translator of the classics. Even the most scholarly and elegant versions did not admit of continuous reading aloud. It therefore became my rather desperate practice to write out certain selected passages, both in prose and verse, in renderings intended first of all to appeal to the ear." This account of the genesis of the translation prepares us for a lucid and easily-moving text, and we could wish the school-boy no better fortune than to have his Virgil in this form to read side by side with the original. He could use it neither as a "pony" nor as a lexicon, because the translator's starting-point is the phrase rather than the single word, but he could get from it much understanding of the powerful appeal which the poet has made to the cultivated elect of all ages. No brief quotation can do much to exhibit the simple charm of this version, but we will permit a few lines to speak for it, taking one of the most familiar of passages:

"Æneas thus replied:

'Thine image, sire, thy melancholy shade,  
Came oft upon my vision, and impelled  
My journey hitherward. Our fleet of ships  
Lies safe at anchor in the Tuscan seas.  
Come, clasp my hand! Come, father, I implore,  
And heart to heart this fond embrace receive!  
So speaking, all his eyes suffused with tears;  
Thrice would his arms in vain that shape unfold.  
Thrice from the touch of hand the vision fled,  
Like wafted winds or likest hovering dreams."

The translation is truthful in the best sense, avoiding pedantry and fussiness, preserving the argument and the dramatic effect of the long speeches, and using a vocabulary rich in suggestiveness and emotional association. Either this or William Morris would be our counsel to the reader, young or old, who should ask us for the best approach to Virgil by means of the English language, and Mr. Williams has over Morris the advantage of closer texture and a style more comfortable to the general ear. We had not supposed a new Virgil in English could prove so welcome.

*Factors in the  
creation of the  
American  
drama.*

Some eight years ago Mr. Norman Hapgood gave us a work on the contemporary stage, which treated those aspects of the acted drama that were then playing a leading part in American theatrical history, besides presenting a critical consideration of current histrionic notabilities. In "The American Stage of Today" (Small, Maynard & Company), Mr. Walter Pritchard Eaton has done a like service, giving a vital treatment of the drama in America as it is developing at the present day, and rescuing from unmerited oblivion records of productions worthy of a more enduring place than the newspaper. Mr. Eaton's book is written in that piquant journalistic style which is cultivated through labor on the daily press; and, while it is not characterized by the same

assimilative power as the earlier work, it is informing to the student who feels an intelligent interest in the contemporary drama. It treats principally of those authors who are bringing to bear on the problem of creating an American drama the largest amount of dramatic skill, truthful observation, intelligent reflection, and passion for reality, and are thus keeping our drama connected with life, leading our stage on toward better things by making it a vital force in the community. As a corollary, in considering the question of reality on the stage, Mr. Eaton says: "The world knows that reality is forever in the making. What we called real yesterday is unreal today; truth is what we would have it; reality will only be perfect as we shape it so. To deny the mission of the stage, one of man's most cherished fields of æsthetic endeavor, in this high task of remoulding the world 'nearer to the heart's desire'—the real world, not the make-believe—to call it from the work for which it is above all other art-forms fitted, and set it the trivial task of aping unrealities, is to deny the laws of change and growth, to belittle the power of æsthetic imagination, hopelessly to undervalue the worth of dramatic form."

*Essays on  
Elizabethan  
dramatists.*

A new book by Mr. Swinburne is an event, even if, as in the case of "The Age of Shakespeare" (Harper), it contains little new material. The present volume is a collection, with slight changes, of nine scattered papers upon Elizabethan dramatists. Most of the matter offered was written from twenty to thirty years ago, and we have long wished that it might be brought together in book form. It seems to us, however, that the present collection is less complete than it might have been made. If recollection serves, Mr. Swinburne's contributions to the English monthly reviews during the eighties and early nineties included considerably more work than is now brought together. However, the volume is too precious for us to quarrel with because it is not bigger, and at once takes its place beside the author's "Study of Shakespeare" and his separate volumes upon Jonson and Chapman. The subjects of his nine essays are Marlowe, Webster, Dekker, Marston, Middleton, Rowley, Heywood, Chapman, and Tourneur. They take up, one by one, the important plays of each of these dramatists, and discuss them with a penetrative insight and a certainty of judgment that no other student of the Elizabethan drama would be likely to equal. The discussion is, of course, impetuous and heated, and at moments unnecessarily discursive, but it has the illuminating quality which is the significant thing in criticism, and for which no weight of mere scholarship can provide a satisfactory substitute. That being the case, we may allow him without too much indignation an occasional light-hearted irrelevancy, like the remark about "such constitutions as could survive and assimilate a diet of Martin Tupper or Mark Twain," or the playful comparison of Euripides to "a mutilated monkey." The volume has a sonnet-dedication "to the memory of Charles

Lamb," whose "Specimens" were published just a century ago. It is a tender and beautiful tribute, which no one has a clearer right than Mr. Swinburne to lay at the feet of the man who rediscovered the great Elizabethans for the modern world.

*Current topics  
trenchantly  
treated.*

It is surprising how many things, new and old, wait only for the right person in order to be made the subjects of interesting and edifying discourse — spoken or written. Mr. Edward Sandford Martin, author of that alluringly entitled book, "Windfalls of Observation," and other volumes, has issued a fresh collection of brief essays under the name, "In a New Century" (Scribner). A score or more of topics currently or even, in many cases, perennially interesting are handled with adroitness and grace, and usually in such a way as to strike out some novel or significant thought. Even in his chapter on writing for publication — a rather threadbare theme, surely — the author is not altogether unsuccessful in avoiding the hackneyed. He offers a novel and perhaps useful suggestion in the following: "A man who has been a fairly successful writer for a good many years has been heard to attribute his success to the exceptionally feeble quality of his mind, which brought it about that he always got tired of any line of thought he was expounding before the reader did." The not very lively topic, "Deafness," is responsible for fifteen pages of matter that bears evidence of personal experience. Among consolations for the loss of hearing he fails to emphasize the appreciable increase in value gained by the remaining senses; and in aids to intercourse he omits to include lip-reading — which, however, is incidentally mentioned later. His style is so pleasing and so suited to his ends that one is surprised and even mildly shocked to find him using, wantonly and under no sort of provocation, the unlovely adjective "dratted." "Would" for "should" is regrettable, but, alas, to be expected. A good deal of entertainment, and not a few pregnant and profitable suggestions, are to be had from the book.

*An unconvincing  
theory of mind.*

It may be said with no undue disparagement that the "Theory of Mind" by Professor March of Union College will give no higher satisfaction to any reader than it did to its author in the writing. There is a certain novelty of statement, and emphasis of points of view that lead the author to regard the whole contribution as profound and novel and comprehensive. All that can be said is that there are few types of mind affected by the spirit and the methods of modern psychology that will feel at all in sympathy with this form of exposition. It resolves itself largely into a matter of terminology and emphasis; and Professor March's attitude in this matter repels not alone because it is strange, but because it seems to distort and to offer for the most part only the consolation of a vocabulary. The theory, in brief, is that all essential human traits are

in the nature of impulses and instincts; that psychology must be written wholly in the terms of such instincts and impulses, and that we may use such terms as ideal impulses, home-building impulses, and other specialized impulses, to account for every phase of social, personal, or material action. All this is further incorporated in terms of a Monistic hypothesis, which helps expression but not interpretation. In brief, the temptation is irresistible to apply to this set of doctrines — not devoid of ability or insight — the familiar comment, that persons who like this sort of thing will probably find in this sort of book the things they like. For the general student of psychology it will carry but moderate meaning and less conviction. (Scribner.)

*A plea for  
personality  
in education.*

Educational experience is difficult to transform into helpful words; yet the attempt is worth making, and will continue to be made. Though not notable, the volume by Mr. James P. Conover, Master in St. Paul's School, Concord, N. H., brings the well-directed thinking of the schoolmaster to bear upon the larger interests of his calling. The general emphasis implied by the title — "Personality in Education" (Moffat, Yard & Co.) — contains a timely and welcome protest against the machine-made pupil and the method-crammed teacher. The spirit of it all is sane, the perspective sound, the treatment judicious. The several factors of the educative process — the teacher, the child, the school, discipline, studies, and the routines of work, play, and examinations — are passed in review with a unity of consideration derived from a large and well-interpreted experience. A significant though not emphasized opinion of the volume is that contained in the supplementary chapter on the College, which expresses profound disappointment with what that institution has been able to accomplish even with promising boys from good schools. That here again the absence of the personal touch and the contact with the really educative relations of life has much to do with the failure, is an opinion held alike by Mr. Conover and by many who have been reflecting upon problems akin to his.

*Studies of our  
national life  
and progress.*

Professor John Graham Brooks, in his book entitled "As Others See Us" (Macmillan), has collected a great variety of criticisms on American life and manners, from English, French, German, and other European visitors, during the past century. Now and then he uses the lash of the foreigner to chastise some of the faults which he personally desires to correct. The American habit of bragging, and of regarding matters from the provincial standpoint, is thoroughly dissected and duly castigated. The chapters at the close of the work, on the signs of progress in this country, are full of optimism, and show that the destructive criticism of the earlier chapters was not intended to end in fatalistic nihilism. Professor Brooks has not only travelled in

America and Europe with keen powers of observation, but he has carried with him a worthy standard by which to judge his own countrymen with fairness and without flattery. The result is a book worthy of being read, and wholesome in its lessons.

*The story of the whaling industry in America.*

Mr. John R. Spears has collected from various sources the materials for a book on the American whaling industry which is at once fairly comprehensive and interesting. It is entitled "The Story of the New England Whalers," and appears in the series of "Stories from American History" (Macmillan). The portions of Mr. Spears's book which relate to the origin and conduct of whaling operations in colonial days are rather better than the later chapters which are principally concerned with the more complex and diverse features of the industry in the nineteenth century. The purposes of such a work would be better served by tracing the connection more closely between the whalers and the palmy days of American shipping, and between the spread of whaling activities to the Pacific and the awakening of American interest in California, Honolulu, the North Pacific, the fur trade, and to the Orient in general. While all these things are hinted at in the book, their relationships in the development of American history might well be made plainer for young readers, and for some older readers as well.

#### NOTES.

Mr. Booth Tarkington's deservedly successful play, "The Man from Home," is now published in book form, with illustrations, by Messrs. Harper & Brothers.

A monograph on "George Cruikshank," by Mr. W. U. Chasson, with many illustrations, is published by Messrs. E. P. Dutton & Co. in their "Popular Library of Art."

An edition of Dr. Richard Burton's biblical drama, "Rahab," illustrated from pictures of Mr. Donald Robertson's production of the play, will be issued soon by Messrs. Henry Holt & Co.

"The Eleanor Smith Music Course," in four graded volumes, is a recent publication of the American Book Co., who also put forth a "Plane and Solid Geometry," by Professor Elmer A. Lyman.

"When and Where of Famous Men and Women," edited by Messrs. Howard Hensman and Clarence Webb, is a vest-pocket biographical dictionary published in the "Miniature Reference Library" of Messrs. E. P. Dutton & Co.

"Selections from Don Quixote," edited by Professor J. D. M. Ford, is a new volume in "Heath's Modern Language Series" of school texts. Eighty pages of text to fifty of notes is the scale of proportion, and there is a vocabulary.

With the publication of the sixth volume, the "Eversley" Tennyson (Macmillan) is now complete. The special feature of this edition is found in the annotations, which are the poet's own, either left in his autograph, or taken down *verbatim* from his table-talk. They are of the utmost value, and make the present

edition desirable beyond all others. The present Lord Tennyson has edited the work, and now and then given us an explanatory note of his own.

"The Taming of a Shrew," edited by Mr. F. S. Boas, is published by Messrs. Duffield & Co. in their "Shakespeare Classics." To their "Old-Spelling Shakespeare" is now added "As You Like It," edited by Messrs. F. J. Furnivall and F. W. Clarke.

"The Independent" has recently begun publication of a series of articles on the Great Universities of this country, written by Dr. Edwin E. Slosson of the editorial staff. The articles are critical and comparative, with a large amount of new material.

"Sidney McCall," the author of "Truth Dexter," "The Dragon Painter," etc., is at work upon the manuscript of her new book, which will be brought out this coming season by Messrs. Little, Brown & Co. The basic theme of the book will be child labor in the Southern mills.

Continuing their practice of several previous years, the Chicago Madrigal Club offers a prize of \$50. for an original poem which shall be used in its musical competition of 1909. Full details of the contest may be obtained from Mr. D. A. Clippinger, 410 Kimball Hall, Chicago.

An important addition to the "World's Classics," to be published immediately by the Oxford University Press, is "Joseph and his Brethren," the famous poem by Charles Wells, with an introduction by Mr. A. C. Swinburne and a long note on Rossetti and Wells by Mr. Theodore Watts-Dunton.

An Oxford edition of the works of Charles and Mary Lamb, in two volumes, is to be published immediately by the Oxford University Press. An Oxford India paper edition in one volume will also be issued. The editor is Mr. Thomas Hutchinson, editor of the Wordsworth and the Shelley volumes in the "Oxford Poets" series.

Two centuries ago the Oxford Chair of Poetry was inaugurated, and a tribute to its almost forgotten founder, Henry Birkhead, was paid when the anniversary came round a few weeks ago, by Mr. J. W. Mackail, who devoted a public lecture to his memory. The lecture is now published in pamphlet form at the Oxford Clarendon Press.

Mrs. M. E. M. Davis, a well-known Southern writer, died at her home in New Orleans on January 1 after a long illness. She was the wife of Major Thomas E. Davis, editor of the New Orleans "Picayune." Her last book, "The Moons of Balbanca," a story for young people, was published by Houghton Mifflin Company last September.

"The World and his Wife" is, as theatre-goers know, the title given to a recent version of Señor Echegaray's "El Gran Galeoto," as enacted by Mr. William Faversham's company not long ago. This translation, the work of Mr. Charles Frederic Nirdlinger, is published in book form, with stage-pictures, by Mr. Mitchell Kennerley.

"The Children of the Chapel at Blackfriars, 1597-1603," by Professor Charles William Wallace, appears as an issue of the "University Studies" of the University of Nebraska. It is the result of an extensive original investigation of the history of the Elizabethan children-companies of players, and is only a foretaste of what is to come, for the writer contemplates extending the work until it shall fill three large volumes, including the many documents which he will reprint. Some of



these documents are of extreme importance to Shakespearean students, and are of the author's own unearthing. They are merely referred to in the present monograph, but will be published in full when the complete work is ready.

In connection with the Lincoln centennial, Messrs. Thomas Y. Crowell & Co. have reprinted in their well-known "Astor" series the work entitled: "Abraham Lincoln: Tributes from his Associates, Reminiscences of Soldiers, Statesmen, and Citizens." This book, first published in 1895, is one of the most interesting of the innumerable volumes on Lincoln.

An edition of "Robinson Crusoe," intended to combine "an embodiment of appropriateness and charm with an appeal for the booklover, for the sophisticated reader," has just been published by the Houghton Mifflin Co. This handsome library edition fills two volumes, uniform with the James Howell of the same publishers, and is illustrated by Stothard's designs, reproduced in photogravure.

Some recent English texts are the following: "Macbeth," "Julius Caesar," and "King Henry the Fifth" (Ginn), being new volumes of the "Hudson Shakespeare"; the "Autobiography of Benjamin Franklin" (Heath), edited by H. A. Davidson; Bacon's "Essays" (Heath), edited by Mr. Fred Allison Howe; and Lowell's "The Vision of Sir Launfal, and Other Poems" (Merrill), edited by Professor Julian W. Abernethy.

Appropriate to the several centenaries recently or soon to be celebrated, the Directors of the Old South Work announce the following additions to their series of "Old South Leaflets": Milton's Treatise on Education; Lincoln's Message to Congress, July 4, 1861; Gladstone's "Kin Beyond Sea"; Robert C. Winthrop's Fourth of July Oration, 1876; Dr. Holmes's Fourth of July Oration, 1863; Gladstone's Essay on Tennyson; Darwin's account of his education, from his Autobiography; Winthrop's address on Music in New England. The "Old South Leaflets," by the way, now comprise nearly two hundred titles.

In a volume dainty enough to be deserving of the text, Mr. St. John Lucas has chosen, and Mr. Henry Frowde has published, "Selected Poems of Pierre de Ronsard" at the Oxford Clarendon Press. From the same source we have a set of five small volumes of good literature, being the following: "Poems by John Clare," edited by Mr. Arthur Symonds; "Select Poems of William Barnes," edited by Mr. Thomas Hardy; "War Songs," from the fourteenth-century balladists to Tennyson, selected by Mr. Christopher Stone; Galt's "Annals of the Parish," with an introduction by Mr. G. S. Gordon; and a new edition of "Echoes from the Oxford Magazine."

A one-volume Commentary on the entire Bible, written by some of the best Biblical scholars of England and America, and edited by the Reverend J. R. Dummelow, is announced by The Macmillan Company. Its purpose is to meet the wants of the ordinary Bible reader by furnishing adequate introductions to the various books, and notes explaining the principal difficulties which arise in connection with them. The volume includes not only a Commentary on each of the Books of the Bible, but also a series of articles dealing with the larger questions suggested by the Bible as a whole. It has been edited on the principle of incorporating the assured results of modern scholarship, while avoiding extreme or doubtful opinions.

## LIST OF NEW BOOKS.

[The following list, containing 36 titles, includes books received by THE DIAL since its last issue.]

### BIOGRAPHY.

- The Maid of France:** Story of the Life and Death of Jeanne d'Arc. By Andrew Lang. With portraits in photogravure, etc., 8vo, pp. 379. Longmans, Green, & Co. \$3.50 net.
- Edward Macdowell:** A Study. By Lawrence Gilmour. With portraits, 12mo, pp. 190. John Lane Co. \$1.50 net.
- David Swing:** Poet-Precacher. By Joseph Fort Newton. With photogravure portrait, large 8vo, uncut, pp. 273. Chicago: Unity Publishing Co. \$2. net.
- Abraham Lincoln:** Tributes from his Associates. With introduction by William H. Ward. New edition; with portrait, 12mo, pp. 295. T. Y. Crowell & Co. 60 cts.
- Sir William Temple:** The Gladstone Essay, 1908. By Murray L. R. Beaven. 12mo, uncut, pp. 130. Oxford University Press.

### HISTORY.

- Old Times on the Upper Mississippi:** Recollections of a Steamboat Pilot, from 1854 to 1863. By George B. Merrick. Illus., large 8vo, uncut, gilt top, pp. 323. Cleveland, O.: Arthur H. Clark Co. \$3.50 net.
- Calais Under English Rule.** By G. A. C. Sandeman. 12mo, uncut, pp. 140. Oxford University Press.

### GENERAL LITERATURE.

- Under Petrela:** with Some Saunterings. By the author of "In a Tuscan Garden." Illus., 12mo, gilt top, pp. 310. John Lane Co. \$1.50 net.
- The Children of the Chapel at Blackfriars, 1597-1603.** By Charles William Wallace. Limited edition, large 8vo, uncut, pp. 206. Privately printed by the author. \$2.50 net.
- Balthasar.** By Anatole France; trans. by Mrs. John Lane, 8vo, gilt top, uncut, pp. 225. John Lane Co. \$2.
- Heart Thoughts:** Papers and Addresses. By Mrs. H. B. Folk. With portraits, 12mo, pp. 80. Philadelphia: American Baptist Publication Society.

### FICTION.

- The Missioner.** By E. Phillips Oppenheim. Illus., 12mo, pp. 312. Little, Brown & Co. \$1.50.
- The Red Mouse.** By William Hamilton Osborne. Illus. in color, 12mo, pp. 320. Dodd, Mead & Co. \$1.50.
- The Confession of Seymour Vane.** By Ellen Snow. 12mo, pp. 77. R. F. Fenno & Co.
- Heroines of a Schoolroom.** By Ursula Tannenfort. With frontispiece, 12mo, pp. 484. John C. Winston Co.
- Every Man His Chance.** By Matilda Woods Stone. 12mo, pp. 202. Boston: The Gorham Press.
- Reincarnated:** A Romance of the Soul. By Charles Gould Beede. 12mo, pp. 224. Ames, Ia.: Newport Publishing Co. \$1.25.

### VERSE AND DRAMA.

- The Poems of A. C. Benson.** With photogravure portrait, 12mo, gilt top, pp. 320. John Lane Co. \$1.50 net.
- Toward the Uplands:** Later Poems. By Lloyd Mifflin. With photogravure portrait, large 8vo, uncut, pp. 76. Oxford University Press.
- A Florentine Tragedy.** By Oscar Wilde; Opening Scene by Sturge Moore. 12mo, gilt top, pp. 66. John W. Luce & Co.
- The Tragedy of Man:** A Dramatic Poem. By Imre Madách, trans. from the original Hungarian by William N. Loew. 12mo, uncut, pp. 224. New York: The Arcadia Press. \$1.50 net.
- A Man of Destiny:** The Story of Abraham Lincoln. By Ernest Linwood Staples. With portraits, 12mo, pp. 71. Springfield, Mass.: Lincoln Publishing Co.
- Sun Time and Cloud Time:** Minor Chords, Verses, Sketches, and Tales. By Andrew Harvey Scoble. 12mo, pp. 200. R. F. Fenno & Co.
- The Angel of Thought and Other Poems:** Impressions from Old Masters. By Ethel Allen Murphy. Illus., 8vo, gilt top. Boston: The Graham Press. \$1.

### THEOLOGY AND RELIGION.

- The Greek and Eastern Churches.** By Walter F. Adeney. 12mo, pp. 634. "International Theological Library." Charles Scribner's Sons. \$2.50 net.
- The Religion of Babylonia and Assyria,** especially in its Relations to Israel. By Robert William Rogers. Illus., large 8vo, pp. 235. Eaton & Mains. \$2. net.

**The Church and the Slum: A Study of English Wesleyan Mission Halls.** By William H. Crawford. Illus., 12mo, pp. 146. Eaton & Mains. \$1.75 net.

**Stewardship and Missions.** By Charles A. Cook. Illus., 12mo, pp. 170. Philadelphia: American Baptist Publication Society.

#### MISCELLANEOUS.

**The Law of War between Belligerents: A History and Commentary.** By Percy Bordwell. Large 8vo, pp. 374. Chicago: Callaghan & Co.

**Semitic Magic: Its Origins and Development.** By R. Campbell Thompson. 8vo, pp. 286. London: Luzac & Co.

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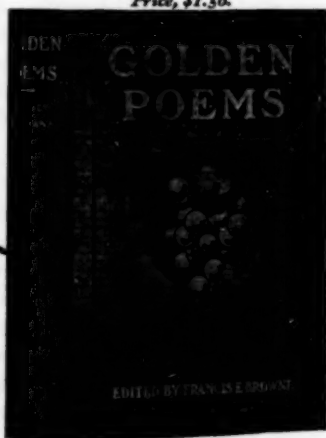
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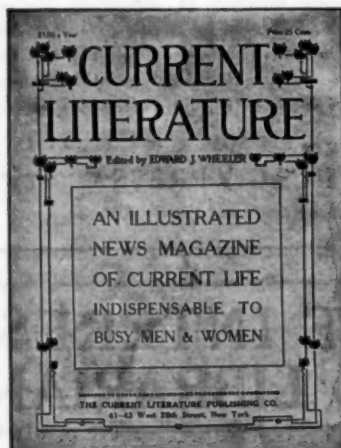
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